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The Empire of the Czar; or, Observations on the Social, Political, and Religious State and Prospects of Russia, &c. By the Marquis de Custine. Translated from the French. 3 vols. Longman & Co.

THERE are men who believe that they reason when they only feel, and who mistake a series of vivid impressions for a series of arguments: they start with a preconceived set of opinions, which cannot well be called a theory, inasmuch as it has been formed anterior to all consideration of facts; and when they have set before you the pictures deeply coloured by their own prejudice, they call upon you to admire the accuracy with which they had predicted the result of their observations. In this school of preconception, every writer starts with being extravagantly something, and he can rarely be induced to see or hear any thing save what will nurture and justify his extravagance. The Marquis de Custine, for example, has persuaded himself that the salvation of Europe is to be effected only by reviving the court of Louis XIV. and the church of Leo X.: a semi-feudal nobility and a semi-papal clergy are, in his opinion, the only barriers which can save Europe from being destroyed by western democracy or oriental despotism; and starting with this as a first principle, he sets out upon his travels not to make observations on what passes before his eyes, but to seek confirmations of what is already established in his mind.

Russia was about the most perplexing country in Europe for a philosophic traveller

of such a cast; for Russia is, from beginning to end of its history, and from frontier to frontier of its territory, a mystification. It is Asiatic barbarism calling itself European civilization; it is the mightiest of empires defied by a handful of Circassian mountaineers; it is good order credited by the simple expedient of preventing atrocities from being published; it is despotism obeyed and fettered; it is an aristocracy impotent for good, and omnipotent for evil; it is a people ostentatiously flattered by the ruling powers, and just as deliberately trampled upon and insulted. The worthy Marquis took all these anomalies as he found them; some he forced into a kind of accordance with his theory; others were too obstinate, and he left them as they were: his work is consequently full of inconsistencies and contradictions; but it is not the less both amusing and interesting, the former quality being chiefly derived from the self-complacency of the author; the latter from the distinct views which he affords of the nature of a power, which it has of late been the fashion for statesmen and politicians to regard with real or affected alarm.

Passing over the introductory chapters relating to the Marquis's domestic history,—the sufferings of his family during the Revolution—his conversation in coaches and steamboats—his annoyances from police and customs, and his early detection of the spy system in Russia,—we turn to his description of an edifice in St. Petersburg, which may be taken both as a sample and symbol of Russian despotism:—

"I saw the façade of the new winter palace—a mighty result of human will ap-

plying human physical powers in a struggle with the laws of nature. The end has been attained, for in one year this palace has risen from its ashes; and it is the largest, I believe, which exists—equalling the Louvre and the Tuileries put together. In order to complete the work at the time appointed by the emperor, unheard-of efforts were necessary. The interior works were continued during the great frosts; six thousand workmen were continually employed; of these a considerable number died daily, but the victims were instantly replaced by other champions brought forward to perish, in their turn, in this inglorious breach. And the sole end of all these sacrifices was to gratify the caprice of one man! Among people naturally, that is to say, anciently civilized, the life of men is only exposed when common interests, the urgency of which is universally admitted, demand it. But how many generations of monarchs has not the example of Peter the Great corrupted! During frosts, when the thermometer was at twenty-five to thirty degrees below 0 of Réaumur, six thousand obscure martyrs—martyrs without merit, for their obedience was involuntary—were shut up in halls heated to thirty degrees of Réaumur, in order that the walls might dry more quickly; in entering and leaving this abode of death, destined to become, by virtue of their sacrifice, the abode of vanity, magnificence, and pleasure. Thus these miserable beings would have to endure a difference of fifty to sixty degrees of temperature. The works in the mines of the Uralian mountains are less inimical to life; and yet the workmen employed at Petersburg were not malefactors. I was told that those who had to paint the interior of the most highly heated halls were obliged to place on their heads a kind of bonnet of ice, in order to preserve the use of their senses under the burning temperature. Had there been a design to disgust the world with arts, elegance, luxury, and all the pomp of courts, could a more efficacious mode have been taken? And yet the sovereign was called father, by the men immolated before his eyes in prosecuting an object of pure imperial vanity. They were neither spies nor Russian cynics who gave me these details, the authenticity of which I guarantee.”

The Marquis had several interviews with the Emperor and the Empress. It is sufficiently obvious, from his account of these audiences, that he was known to be an au-

thor, and that their imperial majesties were anxious that he should make a favourable report of the country and the government. The purpose, indeed, was scarcely concealed in the first interview:—

“The Emperor received us with a refined and graceful politeness. At the first glance it was easy to recognise a man who, notwithstanding his power, is obliged and accustomed to humour the self-love of others. In order to intimate to me that I might, without displeasing him, survey his empire, his majesty did me the honour of saying that it was at least necessary to see Moscow and Nijni before a just idea of the country could be formed. ‘Petersburg is Russian,’ he added, ‘but it is not Russia.’ These few words were pronounced in a tone of voice that could not be forgotten, so strongly was it marked by authoritativeness and firmness. Every body had spoken to me of the imposing manners, the noble features, and the commanding figure of the emperor, but no one had prepared me for the power of his voice; it is that of a man born to command. In it there is neither effort nor study—it is a gift developed only by habitual use. The Empress, on a near approach, has a most winning expression of countenance; and the sound of her voice is as sweetly penetrating as that of the emperor is naturally imperious. She asked me if I came to Petersburg with the single object of travelling. I replied in the affirmative. ‘I know that you are a curious observer,’ she continued. ‘Yes Madame,’ I answered, ‘it is curiosity which brings me to Russia; and this time, at least, I do not regret having yielded to a passion for travel.’ ‘You really think so?’ she replied, with a gracefulness of manner that was very charming. ‘It appears to me that there are such wonderful objects in this country, that to believe them requires that we should see them with the eyes.’ ‘I should wish you to see much, and to view favourably.’ ‘This wish of your majesty’s is an encouragement.’ ‘If you think well of us, you will say so, but it will be useless; you will not be believed: we are ill understood, and people will not understand us better.’”

At first our author does not appear to have penetrated the motives which procured for him so abundant a share of imperial favour; but he soon learned that all the public authorities, from the highest to the lowest, were nervously sensitive on the subject of publicity, and dreaded nothing more than the making

known to Europe those circumstances of state policy and social condition which, ever since the days of Peter the Great, have been varnished over by a surface polish of civilization. A singular incident will serve to illustrate the veil of secrecy which in Russia is thrown over events that in no other country could be kept concealed:—

“About three o’clock, while at dinner in the English palace, a squall of wind passed over Peterhoff, violently agitating the trees, and strewed the park with their branches. While coolly watching the storm, we little thought that the sisters, mothers, and friends of crowds seated at the same table with us were perishing on the water, under its terrible agency. Our thoughtless curiosity was approaching to gaiety at the very time that a great number of small vessels which had left Petersburg for Peterhoff, were foundering in the gulf. It is now admitted that two hundred persons were drowned; others say fifteen hundred or two thousand: no one knows the truth, and the journals will not speak of the occurrence; this would be to distress the empress, and to accuse the emperor. The disaster was kept a secret during the entire evening, nothing transpired until after the fête; and this morning the court neither appears more nor less sad than usual. There, etiquette forbids to speak of that which occupies the thoughts of all; and even beyond the palace, little is said. The life of man in this country is such as to be deemed of trifling importance even by themselves. Each one feels his existence to hang upon a thread.”

A still more remarkable instance of the extent to which dissimulation is carried, deserves to be noted:—

“At the last carnival, a lady of my acquaintance had permitted her waiting-woman to go out on the Sunday. Night came, and this person did not return. On the following morning the lady, very uneasy, sent to obtain information from the police. They replied that no accident had occurred in Petersburg on the preceding night, and that no doubt the *femme-de-chambre* had lost herself, and would soon return safe and sound. The day passed in deceitful security. On the day following a relation of the girl’s, a young man tolerably versed in the secrets of the police, conceived the idea of going to the Hall of Surgery, to which one of his friends procured him an admission. Scarcely had he entered when he recognised the corpse of his cousin,

which the pupils were just about to commence dissecting. Being a good Russian, he preserved self-command sufficient to conceal his emotion, and asked—‘Whose body is this?’ ‘No one knows: it is that of a girl’s who was found dead the night before last, in — street; it is believed that she has been strangled in attempting to defend herself against men who endeavoured to violate her.’ ‘Who are the men?’ ‘We do not know: one can only form conjectures on the event; proofs are wanting.’ ‘How did you obtain the body?’ ‘The police sold it to us secretly; so we will not talk about it.’ This last is a common expression in the mouth of a Russ, or an acclimated foreigner. I admit that the above circumstances are not so revolting as those of the crime of Burke in England; but the peculiar characteristic of Russia is the protective silence in which similar atrocities are shrouded. The cousin was dead. The mistress of the victim dared not complain; and now, after a lapse of six months, I am, perhaps, the only person to whom she has related the death of her *femme-de-chambre*. It will by this be seen how the subaltern agents of the Russian police perform their duties. These faithless servants gained a double advantage by selling the body of the murdered woman; they obtained a few roubles, and they also concealed the murder, which would have brought upon them severe blame, if the noise of the event had got abroad.”

Our author visited the state-prisons, but he could get no further than the public apartments of the governor, and no functionary would enter into the slightest conversation on the topics respecting which a stranger would naturally inquire in such a place. He had, however, reason to conclude, from other investigations, that this dissimulation is a mask for profound inhumanity.

“I am assured, on good authority, that the submarine dungeons of Kronstadt contain, among other state prisoners, miserable beings who were placed there in the reign of Alexander. These unhappy creatures are reduced to a state below that of the brute, by a punishment the atrocity of which nothing can justify. Could they now come forth out of the earth, they would rise like so many avenging spectres, whose appearance would make the despot himself recoil with horror, and shake the fabric of despotism to its centre. Everything may be defended by plausible words, and even by good reasons: not any one of the opinions that divide the

political, the literary, or the religious world, lacks argument by which to maintain itself: but, let them say what they please, a system, the violence of which requires such means of support, must be radically and intensely vicious. The victims of this odious policy are no longer men. Those unfortunate beings, denied the commonest rights, cut off from the world, forgotten by every one, abandoned to themselves in the night of their captivity, during which imbecility becomes the fruit, and the only remaining consolation of their never-ending misery, have lost all memory, as well as all that gift of reason, that light of humanity, which no one has a right to extinguish in the breast of his fellow-being. They have even forgotten their own names, which the keepers amuse themselves by asking with a brutal derision, for which there is none to call them to account; for there reigns such confusion in the depths of these abysses of iniquity, the shades are so thick, that all traces of justice are effaced. Even the crimes of some of the prisoners are not recollected; they are, therefore, retained for ever, because it is not known to whom they should be delivered, and it is deemed less inconvenient to perpetuate the mistake than to publish it. The bad effect of so tardy a justice is feared, and thus the evil is aggravated, that its excess may not require to be justified."

The physical aspect of the country is not less dreary than its moral desolation. During a halt on his road from St. Petersburg to Moscow, the Marquis thus pours the scenery through which he had passed:—

"There are no distances in Russia—so say the Russians, and all the travellers have agreed to repeat the saying. I had adopted the same notion, but unpleasant experience obliges me to maintain precisely the contrary. There is nothing but distance in Russia; nothing but empty plains extending farther than the eye can reach. Two or three interesting spots are separated from each other by immense spaces. These intervals are deserts, void of all picturesque beauty: the high road destroys the poetry of the steppe; and there remains nothing but extension of space, monotony, and sterility. All is naked and poor; there is nothing to inspire awe as on a soil made illustrious by the glory of its inhabitants,—a soil like Greece or Judea, devastated by history, and become the poetical cemetery of nations; neither is there any of the grandeur of a virgin na-

ture; the scene is merely ugly; it is sometimes a dry plain, sometimes a marshy, and these two pieces of sterility alone vary the landscape. A few villages, becoming less neat in proportion as the distance from Petersburg increases, sadden the landscape instead of enlivening it. The houses are only piles of trunks of trees, badly put together, and supporting roofs of plank, to which in winter an extra cover of thatch is sometimes added. These dwellings must be warm, but their appearance is cheerless. The rooms are dark, and tainted for want of air. They have no beds; in summer the inmates sleep on benches which form a divan around the walls of the chamber, and in winter, on the stove, or on the floor around it; in other words, a Russian peasant encamps all his life. The word *reside* implies a comfortable mode of life; domestic habits are unknown to this people."

From this circumstance it would be natural to conclude that the moral sentiments connected with domestic ties have been banished from the breasts of Russian peasants, and our author has collected facts to justify such an inference.

The Marquis was far more pleased with Moscow than St. Petersburg; the ancient capital is native and Russian; the granite camp which Peter the Great erected on the banks of the Neva, is foreign and unnatural. The Kremlin is regarded by M. de Custine as the type of the Tartar dominion of the ancient Czars, and the description is written in his most flowery and flourishing style:—

"The fear of a man possessing absolute power is the most dreadful thing upon earth; and with all the imagery of this fear visible in the Kremlin, it is still impossible to approach the fabric without a shudder. Towers of every form, round, square, and with pointed roof, belfries, donjons, turrets, spires, sentry-boxes upon minarets, steeples of every height, style and colour, palaces, domes, watch-towers, walls, embattlemented and pierced with loopholes, ramparts, fortifications of every species, whimsical inventions, incomprehensible devices, chiosks by the side of cathedrals—every thing announces violation and disorder, every thing betrays the continual *surveillance* necessary to the security of the singular beings who were condemned to live in this supernatural world. Yet these innumerable monuments of pride, caprice, voluptuousness, glory, and piety, notwithstanding their apparent variety, ex-

press one single idea which reigns here every where—war maintained by fear. The Kremlin is the work of a superhuman being, but that being is malevolent. Glory in slavery—such is the allegory figured by this satanic monument, as extraordinary in architecture as the visions of St. John are in poetry. It is a habitation which would suit some of the personages of the Apocalypse. In vain is each turret distinguished by its peculiar character and its particular use; all have the same signification,—terror armed. Some resemble the caps of priests, others the mouth of a dragon, others swords, their points in the air, others the forms and even the colours of various fruits; some again represent a headdress of the czars, pointed, and adorned with jewels like that of the Doge of Venice; others are simple crowns: and all this multitude of towers of glazed tiles, of metallic cupolas, of enamelled, gilded, azured, and silvered domes, shine in the sun like the colossal stalactites of the salt-mines in the neighbourhood of Cracow. These enormous pillars, these towers and turrets of every shape, pointed, pyramidal, and circular, but always in some manner suggesting the idea of the human form, seem to reign over the city and the land. To see them from afar shining in the sky, one might fancy them an assembly of potentates, richly robed and decorated with the insignia of their dignity, a meeting of ancestral beings, a council of kings, each seated upon his tomb; spectres hovering over the pinnacles of a palace. To inhabit a place like the Kremlin is not to reside, it is to defend one's self. Oppression creates revolt, revolt obliges precautions, precautions increase dangers, and this long series of actions and reactions engenders a monster; that monster is despotism, which has built itself a house at Moscow. The giants of the antediluvian world, were they to return to earth to visit their degenerate successors, might still find a suitable habitation in the Kremlin. Every thing has a symbolical sense, whether purposely or not, in its architecture; but the real, the abiding, that appears after you have divested yourself of your first emotions in the contemplation of these barbaric splendours, is, after all, only a congregation of dungeons pompously surnamed palaces and cathedrals. The Russians may do their best, but they can never come out of the prison. The very climate is an accomplice of tyranny. The cold of the country does not permit the con-

struction of vast churches, where the faithful would be frozen at prayer: here the soul is not lifted to heaven by the glories of religious architecture; in this zone man can only build to his God gloomy donjons. The sombre cathedrals of the Kremlin, with their narrow vaults and thick walls, resemble caves; they are painted prisons, just as the palaces are gilded gaols. As travellers say of the recesses of the Alps, so of the wonders of this architecture—they are horribly beautiful."

But the conversion of cathedrals into something like prisons, and preventing discussion even in the pulpits, have not saved the Russian church from dissent. An intelligent nobleman assured the Marquis that there was a countless variety of sects in Russia. Profligacy of manners might naturally be expected in a land where religious and moral discussion is prohibited, on account of its approaching too nearly to reason and argument. The Marquis has given anecdotes of the licentiousness of nuns, the orgies of noble profligates, and the disregard for all the decencies of life in aristocratic *réunions*.

Although the Marquis was unable to obtain permission to inspect the state prison, one of his countrymen had the misfortune to awaken the jealous suspicions of the Russian police by some incautious act or expression—what, he never was able to ascertain. He was thrown into a cell, separated only by a slight partition from the place where the unhappy slaves are tortured at the command of their masters. His gaolers must have believed that M. Pernet had no chance of liberation, or they never would have given him such an opportunity of witnessing the fearful secrets of the prison house and the unmitigated exercise of the rod.

"Mr. Pernet understands Russian; he was therefore present, without seeing any thing, at many private tortures; among others, at those of two young girls, who worked under a fashionable milliner at Moscow. These unfortunate creatures were flogged before the eyes even of their mistress, who reproached them with having lovers, and with having so far forgotten themselves as to bring them into her house—the house of a milliner!—what an enormity! Meanwhile this virago exhorted the executioner to strike harder: one of the girls begged for mercy: they said that she was nearly killed, that she was covered with blood! No matter! She had carried her audacity so far as to

say that she was less culpable than her mistress; and the latter redoubled her severity. M. Pernet assured me, observing that he thought I might doubt his assertion, that each of the unhappy girls received, at different intervals, a hundred and eighty blows. 'I suffered too much in counting them,' he added, 'to be deceived in the number.' A man feels the approach of insanity when present at such horrors, and yet unable to succour the victims. Afterwards, serfs and servants were brought by stewards, or sent by their masters, with the request that they might be punished: there was nothing, in short, but scenes of atrocious vengeance and frightful despair, all hidden from the public eye. The unhappy prisoner longed for the obscurity of night, because the darkness brought with it silence; and though his thoughts then terrified him, he preferred the evils of imagination to those of reality."

M. Pernet was liberated by the interference of the French ambassador, to whom our author communicated his case; he was liberated without a word of explanation, and commanded to quit Russia without delay.

We shall now take leave of M. de Custine. His style is much too high flown to suit our sober taste; but his book will help to show that the Russian empire is maintained by a system of dissimulation and hypocrisy, enforced by cruelty and terror, to conceal the secret of its internal rottenness. In the greatest excitement of Russo-phobia some years ago, we maintained that the alarm was unfounded, and that Russia had not the elements by which the country can be raised to universal empire. Voltaire discovered, and Napoleon proved its internal weakness; the elements, not valour, destroyed the French invaders; English gold and not their own energies brought the Russians to encamp in Paris. Most travellers who have hitherto described the empire have been military men, and they have been led away by the military discipline which reigns every where. They have more or less of the officer's prejudice, that strict drill makes good soldiers; and they are ignorant of the moral loss that is incurred when men are degraded to machines. Men of the camp over-rated Russia, because it appeared to them an empire of camp; had they gone a step further and asked some questions respecting the commissariat and finance, they would have made considerable abatements in their estimate of Moscovite strength and grandeur.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE HUNTING WIDOW;

OR, A WEEK IN THE WOODS AND PRAIRIES OF TEXAS.

SOME time towards the close of February last, I took my departure from on board the Texian man-of-war brig, Archer, of eighteen guns, lying in Galveston harbour, on a hunting excursion up the bay of the same name, for the purpose of recruiting myself after a brief cruize to the enemy's coast, with the less-dangerous pursuit of the deer, the opossum, the raccoon, and other game, with which the prairies and woodlands of this favoured offshoot of Mexico abound.

The craft in which, as with Yankee caution it was expressed, we "calculated to progress," was the brig's six-oar cutter, rigged into a sail-boat; it contained our guns, horns, shot-pouches, a keg of powder, bags of ball and shot, our blankets, "fixing" for a tent, a demi-john of water, a few bottles of American whiskey, a small sack of biscuit, certain pieces of salt-beef, some coffee and sugar, and ample provisions for the day's journey, as well as an "extensive supply" of tobacco. My companions were Captain Todd, Lieutenant Snow, Judge Bollant, Mr. Baker, and two young midshipmen, who had entered, for glory's sake the service of the young republic.

The costume of the party was, for the country and the occasion, perfectly suitable and characteristic, but to an European sufficiently novel; my American friends were cased in pantaloons "of rugged woollen," the nether extremities were tucked in their thick hunting boots, and attached in that position by a rope-yarn; their heads were surmounted by broad-brimmed white felt hats, while a jacket, over which was thrown the picturesque poncho, or Mexican blanket, in addition to the usual amalgamation of arms, horns, shot-bags, &c. completed their hunting habiliments. I myself, though but recently from a land of civilization, yet felt sufficiently the force of example, and the utter destruction of all "correct clothing," to be habited in all things the same, save only that my poncho was Peruvian, and my head surmounted by a sou'-wester, something between a shovel-hat and a coal-heaver's tarpaulin.

The bay at the moment of our departure was covered with a dense and piercing fog, which rendered every object invisible at the distance of little more than twenty yards.

We were to leeward of our brig on starting, and scarcely had we propelled our boat so that the sails were filled, and our long red and blue pennant unfurled to the wind by a somewhat stiff breeze, when the vessel in our rear was out of sight, just as the sound of a long twenty-four died upon our ears; next moment another solid object presented itself to our view, and before we could rightly hear and respond unto the cheerful hail of a light-hearted Frenchman, we had shot across the bows of the brig *Nomade*, of *Agde*, appearing like a spectral ship upon the ocean, her spars all dripping with wet.

I now proceeded to load a pipe, manufactured in Texan fashion from a reed and an Indian corn-cob scooped out, and then lit it according to the custom of the country. A musket was loosely charged with a small supply of cotton for wadding, gently inserted upon the top of the powder, and fired into the bottom of the boat, and the burning cotton being picked up, our *chibouques*, *meerschaums*, or whatever less aspiring name the reader is pleased to give them, then went through the process of illumination, and we were all in the portals of paradise. Soothed by the influence of the weed, certainly less odoriferous than the "carcanets of rose pastilles"* worn by the ladies of *Hellas*, but not less pleasing in its effects, I awaited the result of our peregrination in that state of happy indifference as to where we brought up for the night, satisfied that game would every where be found. I then very gravely drew forth my ramrod, and sounded with it once or twice as we proceeded, and found by the scant water obtained, that we were on the centre of *Pelican Shoal*. While the rest were occupied in tying reef-points, the helm was resigned to me, and in about five minutes the vicinity of land was made manifest by the rising of a vast cloud of birds, whose loud screams testified their annoyance at our approach. Next moment I discovered looming through the fog, the dim outline of certain palmettos and prickly pears, indicating our landfall to be the large oyster pond on *Pelican Island*, so called from the vast body of pelicans and cranes which congregate upon and around it. Steering a more westerly course, we soon rounded *Shell-bank's Point*, and entered upon the open bay, where every now and then the ghostly outline of some boat at anchor met our gaze, and the hoarse sound of welcome and adieu was

sounded across the waters. Now and then a song, either in French, German, or English would catch our ears, warning us ere we could see it, of our proximity to the different craft. Ours was the only boat in motion; we only having a compass.

About two hours of a stiff breeze, which carried us gloriously along, a squall or so now and then disturbing us, enabled me to run in close under *Dollar Point*, the site of an (*intended*) town (*to be*) called *Austinia*, of which a few houses were once built, but being removed wholesale to *San Luis*, the notion was abandoned. Here we were purposing to take refectation, when our keel grated harshly, and next instant we were fast aground upon *Oyster Reef*, over which I expected to find sufficient water. The whole of *Galveston Bay*, abounding, as it does, in other fish, is yet more plentifully supplied with vast and inexhaustible beds of the most delicious oysters, lying about two or three feet below the surface, from five to twenty in a bunch. One man can, with ease, collect a thousand in an hour. In shape and size they differ from those generally seen in *Europe*, being long, narrow, and they are eaten only in two or three mouthfuls. Their flavour, particularly when aided by the peppered vinegar so universally used in all parts of *Mexico*, is most delicious; and oyster stews, fries, and soups, as well as pickles, form a great portion of the food of the inhabitants.

Determined to make the best of a difficulty, we unsheathed our knives, as if to eat a way across the reef, and proceeded in good earnest to add oysters to our morning-meal. Our "white nigger," as any thing in the shape of an *European* servant is elegantly denominated in the refined vocabulary of *Texas*, soon gathered two or three hundred, and taking from a box the larger half of a stray juvenile boar, which had paid the debt of nature under one of our rifles the preceding day, with molasses for sauce, and Indian corn-cakes, I can assure my readers we made a hearty meal.

Breakfast concluded, we very coolly took to the water, not, however, without some expectation of encountering an alligator, also in search of a morning meal. The boat, relieved of our weight, rose buoyantly, and we led it over the oyster-bank; had the day been warm, and the water smooth, there would have been nothing disagreeable in this involuntary bath, but the fog was piercingly cold, and a short sea breaking over the bank,

* *St. John's "Ancient Greece,"* vol. iii. p. 137.

wetted us from head to foot. Re-entering our boat, we passed through a narrow channel between two islands, and found ourselves in Edward's Bay, where, under the shelter of the land, the breeze fell considerably, and we shook the reefs out of our sails. Just as this was done the wind shifted a few points, the fog rolled away, leaving free passage to the sun's rays, which speedily dried our dripping garments, and about midday I had the satisfaction of seeing the anchor fall at the mouth of Clare Creek, where we resolved to commence operations.

The spot was sufficiently picturesque, both banks of the river or creek being shaded by lofty trees, with here and there a green opening, overhung by the branches of the cedar, the live-oak, the elm, the haematack, while yuppān and peccān bushes, and hickory-trees, fill up the intermediate spaces between the larger trunks; here and there a wild lemon tree, or the lofty-climbing vine, met the eye, or, casting it some little distance above, it rested upon a grove of young pine-trees, with their deep-green hue, extending far out of sight, until hidden by a bend of the river. Having selected for our camp a slightly-elevated opening, we commenced a clearance, and by cutting stakes and poles, with the aid of our sails, certain tarpaulins, and a spare top gallant sail, brought for the purpose, we soon contemplated in silent admiration the work of our own hands. A large fire was instantly set on foot, and the whole party then dispersed in various directions in search of game. I, and Midshipman Smith, "sloped" together, he having whispered that he would show me some fine sport without much trouble. Wild-fowl, as most comeatable, was what we first sought, in order to obtain a supply for immediate consumption. Shouldering my heavy double-barrelled gun, I followed my little, active, and intelligent guide along the left banks of the river, for a distance of about two hundred yards, when he sat down upon a log, and I followed his example. He knew that information relative to the country, as well as the character of its inhabitants, was peculiarly my delight, and accordingly informed me that, until the last nine months, he had resided on Clare Creek, in the house of one Esther Simmons, and added, that he was sure I would like to see her; but the visit was deferred by me until the next day.

"I guess," said he, with the rich nasal twang of a true Yankee, as soon as I had made up my mind, "we'll have some sport

anyhow; for when I left I stowed my Indian canoe, where I'd venture to calculate, it has never been found; and, now for it, to cross Clare Creek, and walk into the ducks."

At the conclusion of this speech, which rather surprised me, Mr. Smith rose, and walking down the gently sloping bank to the water's edge, suspended his "copposity" in mid-air, lowered himself down amid a thick, overhanging bush, and then disappearing, presently shot forth, paddling a small Indian canoe, or dug-out, of size barely sufficient to carry two persons and their equipments. Placing our arms carefully in the bottom of the boat, I cautiously entered the fragile bark, and seating myself, was soon paddled to the opposite side. Making fast the painter of our little canoe, we landed, and pushing aside the somewhat thick undergrowth with my left hand, grasping in my right my fowling piece, I followed Mr. Smith, and, after a quarter of an hour's journey through close timber, we came in sight of one of the numerous and extraordinarily inhabited ponds so common in the lower and more swampy portions of the coast of Texas. The lagoon itself was skirted by the extreme edge of the wood; beyond spread the interminable prairie, flat, smooth as the calm sea, unbroken by any elevation. The surface of the water was, at the moment we approached, completely hidden by ducks, both the diver, the canvas-back, and the common kind, as well as a pretty considerable number of geese. Having with great caution ensconced ourselves at the distance of about forty yards, we startled them by a loud cry, and as the immense body of fowls rose like a thick cloud, they received the contents of four barrels, loaded with a mixture of small and swan-shot. We had chosen our positions admirably, for eleven ducks and two geese rewarded our exertions.

Collecting our prizes, we now retraced our steps, the more readily as we heard several shots fired on the opposite side, and from experience I knew that there other game had been captured. Though we were first at the camp, yet, as the rest dropped in we found our anticipations verified. Captain Tod had killed an opossum; Mr. Baker, a squirrel and two snipes; Judge B——, several ducks; while Lieutenant Snow was empty-handed, and Midshipman Goodall had "scotched, but not killed" a deer. A huge iron pot, suspended from branches above, over a blazing fire, was now put into requisition, into which, after due skinning and plucking, the

whole amount of our chase was indiscriminately cast, to form a stew; to the above a portion of navy beef was added, by way of salt, while Indian corn-meal, and a few sweet potatoes, added not a little to the promised delicacy of our ragout. Certain it is that our Man-Friday, or Leo Americanus, as he was called, from his extensive progression over the New Continent, assured us that the result of his *cuisine* would be "first-rate."

The preparation of our stew, the careful decoction of our mocha, or Rathee Havanna beans, occupied our time and our thoughts so exclusively, that, suddenly raising our eyes, we discovered the sun slowly setting in the west, its rays peering somewhat feebly through the dense mass of foliage which surrounded us. We accordingly supped by the light of a blazing fire of pine and oak logs, which some considerate individual had cut down close at hand, for the less useful purpose, however, of conveying them to Galveston for sale. The only interruption during our meals was the howling of certain *caictoe*, whom the savoury odour of our mess had caused to congregate around. I scarcely ever enjoyed a meal with more *gusto*. Hunger, and the good things before me, so engrossed my attention, that the wolves were for the time unheeded; and, when at length three or four pounds of the stew had been despatched by each of us, we were far too lazy to rise and trouble ourselves by interfering with the noisy neighbours, who promised by their guttural concert to disturb our slumbers. A pipe of the aromatic weed, as well as the charms of conversation, were to us more powerful influences than the desire of slaughter.

My companions at length fell off one by one to sleep; but, pouring out a cup of coffee, I replenished my pipe, and wandered into imagination within sight of the metropolis of the world, on the banks of Father Thames, with those who, though many thousand miles from me, were ever uppermost in my thoughts. I was aroused from a sadly-pleasant reverie by the howling of wolves, somewhat too near me to be agreeable; starting up, therefore, I fired my gun, heavily loaded with buck-shot, in the direction whence the noise proceeded, and then, my vision being scattered, heaped on fresh logs, and resigned myself to slumber.

I awoke, after a few hours' rest, and found Man-Friday and Mid. Smith busily engaged in preparing for breakfast: I arose, and lent a hand by "alembicating" the Havanna. In a few minutes the keen senses of the slum-

berers, catching hold of the fragrant odour meandering through the air, and "the rage of hunger," to use an Homeric phrase, was called into action. Every thing was now bustle: our beds and blankets were rolled up, and converted into stools, and in a few minutes a hunter's morning meal was despatched. Our guns were now shouldered, and the camp was deserted, each following the bent of his inclinations. I and Mr. Smith prepared to pay our promised visit to Esther Simmons, better known as the "hunting widow." During our progress towards her wigwam, I received in detail a history of the circumstances from which had arisen her present anomalous position. Smith himself was an orphan, who had been reared by the Simmons family, and informed me that, some four years previously, they had resided in the neighbourhood of Austin, some two hundred miles in the interior, expecting to end their days in the wilds, unless, perchance, a settlement should form around them. One afternoon Smith came running with the startling intelligence that a party of Cumanche Indians were advancing towards the house, having killed a negro, who had been busily engaged in a small inclosed field planting sweet potatoes.

The hut of the Simmonses was situated on the extreme point of a kind of delta, formed by the conjunction of two small rivers, which here, in consequence, first became navigable. The front of the house opened upon a small "burn," skirted at the distance of some two hundred yards, by a fine wood; while the rear was on the edge of a sloping bank, which led down to the water's edge, where lay a moderate-sized piroque, partly concealed by bushes, and utterly out of view to any one approaching from the timber above alluded to. Defence appearing out of the question, immediate preparations were made for escape; but this hope was frustrated by the sudden appearance from a forest path of some dozen well-armed and well-mounted Cumanches. The crack, the flash of the Western rifle followed, and the foremost of the Indians, who had evidently expected to gain admission under the guise of seeking hospitality, fell to the ground to rise no more. The Indians, as was their wont, retreated, and halted at a somewhat more respectable distance. By this time the children had been removed to the canoe, where they were for the moment told to remain quiet. The Cumanches now commenced a rapid fire on the house from three different directions, which were

severally answered by loud reports from the rifles of the mother and father, as well as of my young friend Smith. Mrs. Simmons had, by long acquaintance with the American rifle, become as sure a marksman as any Leather-stocking of them all. Animated by the combined feelings of love for her offspring and her husband, she, with steady aim and unbending firmness, pointed the terrible weapon, which dealt death round.

The patience of the Indians is a matter of notoriety, and the inhabitants of the log-hut saw that a determined siege was about to be kept up, the result of which, when night came to aid their designs, could not remain doubtful. With infinite pain and sorrow the young husband and wife, who for seven years had been one another's only hope and joy, agreed to part; the mother to escape with her children to some safe retreat, while the husband kept the Indians at bay, resolved, if necessary, to perish for those who were so dear to him. The scene, as artlessly and simply described to me by Smith, must have been of terrible interest; the young wife and mother was now dealing death around her in defence of her home, the next minute weeping in her husband's arms.

Presently Esther would be recalled to a sense of her position by the crack of rifles, the whistling of arrows, which fell, however, harmless in the centre of massive logs, amid the treble shingles which formed the roof of the hut. In fact, at this moment there was little danger; but soon day began to give signs of its departure, and in desperate agony the father and mother separated. Heart-breaking, no doubt, were Esther's sobs, as, followed in sullen silence by young Smith, she stealthily, still holding fast the American rifle, crept to the water's edge, and the young father remained alone. That night, and part of the next day, the fugitives travelled without intermission, Esther and Smith propelling the piroque in turns. The journey about mid-day closed, by their reaching a small settlement on the mouth of the river which fell into the Colorado. Commending anxiously her children to the care of friends, Esther remarked to Smith, that, her maternal duties having been performed, she would now only remember she was a wife. Borrowing a smaller canoe than she had come in, and taking a supply of provisions at the earnest request of the women who surrounded her, the men being out in search of the very Indians she had fled from, she started back alone to ascertain the fate of her hus-

band. As I afterwards learned from her own mouth, she had no idea of fatigue, no thought of want of rest, but continued paddling her canoe, until the next morning brought her once more to her home. What her sensations were, as, on arriving near, a blackened burning mass of ruins met her eye, untenanted of aught living, it is easier for the reader to imagine than for me to attempt to describe. The huge logs, of which a Texan hut is usually made, had been all cast down, and still resisted the force of the destructive element.

Esther landed, and sought—she expected to find nought else—the body of her husband. Her expectations were doomed to be verified, for she discovered the corpse, transfixed with arrows, scalped, and stripped of every article of clothing, the wolves busily engaged in devouring it. With steady and unflinching aim she raised the rifle, and laid the foremost of the group low. The very action brought up tumultuous feelings, and vengeance took possession of her soul. “My first thought,” said she afterwards, “was revenge. I could have set out on foot, and followed the murderers to the end of the earth, and never have rested until I had taken every life; but, thank God, the thought of my children, came into my mind, and I yearned to be near them.” She could not, however, bear the idea of leaving her husband's body to be devoured by the wolves; but, taking off the coarse cloak of deer-skin which enveloped her form, she wrapped it around him, and with a desperate determination, which well suited her energetic and noble character, dragged the corpse to the canoe, placed it in it, entered it herself, and commenced her return. On her arriving at the settlement, a burning fever, which had been gradually coming on, overcame her, and her life was some time despaired of.

A few weeks passed, and Esther Simmons, having recovered, took her departure for the coast a broken-hearted woman. From that day she was determined to risk no further contact with the Indians; the idea of losing her children as she had lost her husband was a thought too terrible. In her next retreat the children tilled the ground,* planted In-

* The ground in Texas receives, of course, but very little labour, a hoe or mattock being about all the agricultural instruments ever used. Their sowing differs but little from the Indian mode described in Hakluyt (iii. 329.): “First for their corn, beginning in one corner of the plot, with a pecker they make a hole, wherein they put four grains, with

dian corn and sweet potatoes, killed pigs, &c.; while the mother, with the rifle on her shoulder, wandered through prairie and wood, in search of game of every description. This active state of life was, as she said, indeed necessary to her; it drove from her head thoughts of the past, which came crowding upon her at times with terrible vividness. Such is the substance, in my own words, of what I heard from Mr. Smith, who, as he concluded, exclaimed, "But there she is, and can tell you more about it all herself."

I raised my eyes, and found myself standing in front of a rude log hut, situated in the centre of a lovely glade, a dense forest surrounding it on all sides. Around the house were about four acres* of cultivated ground, inclosed by a rude fence, to keep off the various depredators, which otherwise would have utterly destroyed whatever crop was planted. Several pigs, of all sizes and colours, with a solitary cow, and a few fowls, were all that appeared animated around the dwelling, in the porch, however, of which sat a woman, still young, of handsome, though somewhat weather-beaten features. Her age I found to be two-and-thirty. She was of the middle height, slightly made, and engaged in the feminine occupation of sewing. I was both surprised and gratified; for her history had prepared me too see her only with the rifle on her shoulder, marching, like another Boadicea, to the conquest of her enemies. Mrs. Simmons rose to meet us. Smith was welcomed most affectionately; while I was introduced as a countryman, and received a most hospitable, and even graceful, invitation to enter and take refreshment. I accordingly followed her, and found within two boys and two girls, of the ages of five, six, nine, and eleven, who instantly placed a stool for me, and proceeded with alacrity to disembarass me of my gun, powder-horn, &c. The walls were hung with a few hunt-

ing implements, coarse habiliments, and venison, as well as pork-hams, always saved to be, at a proper opportunity, exchanged in Galveston for powder, shot, and the only article of clothing necessary to be purchased, red flannel shirts. Esther herself was completely habited in garments of deer-skin, while mocassins covered her feet, above which appeared leggings of the same material.

After some conversation, we displayed to the view of our hostess some ten pounds of powder, a bag of shot, a quantity of lead, as well as a small supply of bread, coffee, and sugar, which we desired to exchange for sweet potatoes and a ham or two. The faint trace of a smile, dim as the shadow cast by the evening star, passed across her dark and expressive countenance, as the latter articles were presented to her view.

"I never see coffee, Mr. S. J., or tea, or sugar, but I think of England. I left it very young; but even now I think how different had been my lot, had I never departed from my native land."

I made some remark of a consolatory nature, and the conversation fell upon other topics, and presently upon her remarkable history, various details of which I received from her own mouth; but I forbore to press her upon so painful a point.

During the day we strolled to several picturesque spots, as well in the woods as in the edge of the prairie, where we started numerous grey and red partridges. Here the fair Diana of this sylvan retreat first displayed to us the unerring nature of her aim, and the great skill she possessed in all the details of the *ars venatica*. Several fat partridges, two rabbits, and a sand-hill crane were the result of her efforts; while about a dozen rice-birds, killed in two volleys with small mustard shot, were all that my luck afforded me. The latter, however, though not much larger than a sparrow, are like balls of fat, and very delicious in taste. About five o'clock we terminated our stroll, though so fascinating was the society of my conductress, that I could have continued it hours longer. Even before I entered the hut the savoury odour of numerous viands assailed my olfactories in a most agreeable manner, and in a few moments I was seated on a solid stool at a smoking board, where a stew of mingled pork and venison, with fried deer's meat, hominy and mush, besides a compound of hot milk and coffee, soon appeased a ravenous appetite. Hominy and

care that they touch not one another (about an inch asunder,) and cover them with the molde again: there is a yard square between every hole, where, according to discretion here and there, they set as many beanes and peaze."

* The assertion of Mr. Th. Hariot (Hakluyt, iii. 330), with regard to Virginia, is fully borne out by my experience in Texas. "I can assure you," he says, "that one man may prepare and husband so much ground (having once borne corne before) with less than foure-and-twenty hours' labour, as shall yield him victual in a large proportion for a twelve-month, if he have nothing els but that which the same ground will yield; the sayd ground being also but of five-and-twenty yards square."

mush are both prepared from Indian corn, the former from the grain, the latter from the meal, and, to my taste, are exceedingly delicious.

As soon as the dinner was ended, Smith and the whole party of children dispersed in search of pine-knots, preparatory to a fire-hunt, and my hostess and myself proceeded to discuss the merits of that odoriferous weed, of which these parts are the native soil.

During the conversation which ensued, my hostess detailed to me some of her adventures; but I was chief spokesman, as she was eager to hear all that I could tell of dear England, and the many changes which had taken place since her departure. In about two hours the merry foraging party returned, and preparations were made for our expedition. A large frying-pan was first fastened to a stick; in this the pine-knots were placed, and, having been lit, the fiery machine was shouldered by Mrs. Simmons, who grasping her rifle, led the way to a prairie burn. Every spring, as soon as the sun's rays are sufficiently strong to dry up the grass, the inhabitants of the Texian wilderness set fire to the prairie, which "conflagrating" until arrested by various impediments, as a river, swamp, or heavy timber, leaves behind a rich mould, which is soon covered by a short grass, much coveted by the huge herds of deer that wander through this favoured land. The savanna being reached, I for the first time witnessed the extraordinary attraction which this fire possesses for the deer. We had not walked many hundred yards upon the burn before Mrs. Simmons called me to her side, and requested me to look in the direction in which she pointed. I did so, and plainly, amid the almost utter darkness, discerned the shining eye-balls of some animal gazing steadfastly in motionless astonishment at the fire. The sharp ringing crack of a rifle followed, and, running up, we found that, at the distance of upwards of fifty paces, our fair hostess had hit a doe directly between the eyes, and stretched it on the ground.

This kind of hunting is very much practised in Texas; it requires considerable experience, and a most steady hand, as the fire-pan has to be exactly balanced on the right shoulder, and held there, while the rifle is brought up, and steady aim taken. The knots will continue to blaze, so great is the quantity of inflammable material, no matter how much wind exists, giving a bright light;

a calm and dark evening is, however, generally selected for this sport. The eldest boy and girl took possession of our prize, which was a small one, and we proceeding, succeeded in capturing another. Satisfied with the result of our hunt, and the two reports having scared the deer, we returned, and after a hearty supper and a smoke, turned in to sleep, or, rather, we all lay down, and the remaining portion of the inhabitants found repose in slumber. With me, however, the case was far different, for, about twelve o'clock, just as I was composing myself to sleep, the wind, which had been northerly, shifted to the southward, and brought with it a considerable supply of rain; from this, of course, our log hut kept us free, but not from the multitude of mosquitoes, which began to congregate in great numbers, settling upon my head and face, particularly the forehead, in vast numbers. I had neglected to carry about a mosquito-bar, and paid dearly for my carelessness. Morning, with which came a northerly wind, at length dispersed the tormentors, but all hope of sleep had departed.

Meanwhile, my companions, seasoned to the persecutors, had slept soundly, and presently rose refreshed. Mr. Smith now started to the landing, where we had left the canoe, and paddled it up to within two hundred yards of the hut, which was almost in sight of the river. Several bushels of sweet potatoes, and three hams were placed in it, and, bidding adieu to my fair and interesting hostess, with a promise of future visits, I returned to the camp. Subsequent inquiries made me aware that Mrs. Simmons had received several most advantageous offers of marriage, but the memory of the past was not to be eradicated, and every offer had been refused; she had given herself up wholly to her family. Let it not be supposed that her children were utterly rude. On every visit to Galveston she obtained the loan of useful works, the contents of which being imparted to her children, they were returned and exchanged for others; while a Bible, and a considerable number of tracts, the gift of missionaries, remained ever upon her shelves.

Over a plentiful meal it was now agreed that the camp should be broken up, as the rain had wet the hut, and rendered lying on the ground far from pleasant.

P. B. ST. J.

Texian Brig of War, Archer, Galveston
Harbour, April 27, 1843.

From the Literary Gazette.

Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the time of George III. To which are added, Remarks on the French Revolution. Third Series. By Henry Lord Brougham, F. R. S. 8vo. pp. 406. London, Knight and Co.

SKETCHES of Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Bolingbroke, not of the third Georgian era, are introduced as necessary to the understanding of the notice of Lord Chatham; and as the remarks on the French Revolution and its leading fiends occupy above one hundred and thirty pages, we can reckon only about half this volume as appropriated to the statesmen who *flourished* in the designated period. These are, the fourth Duke of Bedford, whose memoirs we have recently been reviewing at considerable length, Earl Camden, John Wilkes, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Chief-Justice Bushe, President Jefferson, Marquis Wellesley, Lord Holland, and, in a few pages, John Allen; in unison with whom there is a *roulade* against demagogue arts, and an apology for American democracy.

As every thing from the pen of Lord Brougham deserves and must command attention; and as the press, according to its various inclination, is sure to make him and his writings subjects of comment and censure, we shall not join in the cry of the pack; but simply, by a few selected extracts, exemplify some of the strong opinions and pithy points of the eminent author.

His glance at the French Revolution, and Robespierre, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, St. Just, Sièyes, and Fouché, reminds us much of a pamphlet of their time, which probably his lordship never met with, entitled *The Twelve Apostles of France*, and exhibiting these murderers and monsters, and their accomplices (we are now speaking of the reign-of-terror individuals,) in such a light as to produce a very salutary effect upon the dangerous revolutionary spirit then but too rife in every part of England. Lord Brougham's picture coincides entirely with that production; and his application of its matter to home-affairs at the present time is one of the curious features of his work:—

“Here (he says) let us pause, and respectfully giving ear to the warnings of past experience as whispered by the historic muse, let us calmly revolve in our minds the very important lessons of wisdom and of virtue applicable to all times, which these

memorable details are fitted to teach. In the first place they show the danger of neglecting due precautions against the arts and the acts of violent partisans working upon the public mind, and of permitting them to obtain an ascendant, by despising their power or trusting to their being overwhelmed and lost in the greater multitude of the peaceable and the good. The numbers of the ill-intentioned may be very inconsiderable; yet the tendency of such extreme opinions, when zealously propagated because fanatically entertained, is always to spread; their direction is ever forward; and the tendency of the respectable and peaceable classes is ever to be inactive, sluggish, indifferent, ultimately submissive. When Mr. Burke compared the agitators of his day to the grasshoppers in a summer's sun, and the bulk of the people to the British ox, whose repose under the oak was not broken by the importunate chink rising from the insects of an hour, he painted a picturesque and pleasing image; and one accurate enough for the purpose of showing that the public voice is not spoken by the clamours of the violent. But unhappily the grasshopper fails to represent the agitator in this, that it cannot rouse any one of the minority to the attack; while the ox does represent but too faithfully the respectable majority, in that he is seldom roused from his ruminating half-slumber till it is too late to avert his fate. But, secondly, it is not merely the activity of agitators that arms them with force to overpower the bulk of the people—their acts of intimidation are far more effectual than any assiduity and any address. We see how a handful of men leading the Paris mob overturned the monarchy, and then set up and maintained an oligarchy of the most despotic character that ever was known in the world, all the while ruling the vast majority of a people that utterly loathed them, ruling that people with an iron rod, and scourging them with scorpions. This feat of tyranny they accomplished by terror alone. A rabble of ten or twelve thousand persons occupying the capital overawed half a million of men as robust, perhaps as brave, as themselves; but the rabble were infuriated, and they had nothing to lose; the Parisian burghers were calm, and had shops, and wives, and children; and they were fain to be still, in order that no outrage should be committed on their property or their persons. The tendency of great meetings of the people is two-fold—

their numbers are always exaggerated both by the representations of their leaders* and by the fears of the bystanders; and the spectacle of force which they exhibit, and the certainty of the mischief which they are capable of doing when excited and resisted by any but the force of troops, scares all who do not belong to them. Hence the vast majority of the people, afraid to act, remain quiet, and give the agitators the appearance of having no adversaries. They reverse the maxim, whoso is not against us is with us, and hold all with them whom they may have terrified into silence and repose. That this effect of intimidation is prodigious, no one can doubt. It acts and reacts; and while fear keeps one portion of the people neutral and quiet, the impression that there is, if not a great assent to the agitators, at least little resistance to them, affects the rest of the people until the great mass is quelled, and large numbers are even induced by their alarms partially to join in the unopposed movement."

Many of the ultimate horrors perpetrated by the revolutionists of France are detailed, and the winding up on a great scale is worthy of the less atrocious butcheries.

"The accomplishment of Collot's grand object, the destruction of Lyons, is obstructed by the vast number of the inhabitants—one hundred and fifty thousand: and both he and Couthon are found planning the dispersion of some one hundred thousand of them over the country, where they might mingle with the republican population, and become partakers of its civic virtues. However, as far as man could act in such circumstances, Collot boasts of his progress; and he lays down his principles:—'We have revived the action of a republican justice,' he says, 'prompt and terrible as the will of the people! It must strike traitors like the lightning, and only leave their ashes in existence! In destroying one infamous and rebellious city, you consolidate all the rest. In causing the wicked to perish, you secure the lives of all generations of freemen. Such are our principles. We go on demolishing, with the fire of artillery and with the explosion of mines, as fast as possible. But you must be sensible that, with a population of one hundred and

fifty thousand inhabitants, these processes find many obstacles. The popular axe cuts off twenty heads a-day, and still the conspirators are not daunted. The prisons are choked with them. We have erected a commission, as prompt in its operations as the conscience of true republicans trying traitors can possibly be. Sixty four of these were shot yesterday on the spot where they had fired on the patriots; two hundred and thirty are to fall this day in the ditches where their execrable works had vomited death on the republican army. These grand examples will have their effect with the cities that remain in doubt; where there are men who affect a false and barbarous sensibility, while ours is all reserved for the country.' Such, in Paris and the provinces, where the proceedings of the reign of terror, while the triumvirate, Robespierre, Couthon, St. Just, bore sway."

Of Robespierre we have the following statement:—

"Napoleon told Mr. O'Meara, whose authority is wholly unimpeachable,* that he had himself seen letters of Robespierre to his brother, representative of the people with the army of Nice, which proved his determination to bring the Reign of Terror to an end. That he was cut off in the midst of some such plan, which he wanted nerve to execute, is highly probable; that he was condemned without a hearing, and clamoured down by an intrigue of his colleagues Billaud and Collot, whose destruction he had planned, appears to be quite certain. When Cambacérès, an acute observer, and a perfectly candid witness, was asked his opinion of the 9th Thermidor by Napoleon, whose estimate of Robespierre was not unfavourable, he said, 'C'était un procès jugé, mais non plaidé.' And he added, that the speech of the day before, which began the struggle, was 'filled with the greatest beauties' (*tout rempli des plus grandes beautés*). To his habitual and constitutional want of courage, it seems clear that the tyrant's fall must be ascribed. His heart failed not in the convention when he vainly strove to be heard, and ended by exclaiming, 'Encore une fois! Veux tu m'entendre, président d'assassins?' But his time was now past for resisting the

* "The Irish demagogues speak of addressing three and four hundred thousand persons in places where the whole population amounts to less than half the number."

* "I happen to know facts unknown to Mr. O'Meara when he was writing Napoleon's allusions to those same facts, *e. g.* secret negotiations with Spain in 1806; and thus those allusions were to him unintelligible."

plot of his adversaries, and saving himself by destroying them. He had not in time taken his line, which was to sacrifice Billaud and Collot, and perhaps Tallien; and then at once to close the Reign of Terror and abolish the revolutionary tribunal. This course required a determination of purpose and a boldness of execution which were foreign to his mean nature—happily for the instruction of mankind; because, had he, like Sylla, survived the bloody tyranny in which he had ruled, and, much more, had he laid down the rod, like the champion of the Roman aristocracy, the world, ever prone to judge by the event, and to esteem more highly them that fail not, would have held a divided opinion, if not pronounced a lenient judgment, upon one of the most execrable and most despicable characters recorded in the annals of our race. In fine, that he was, beyond most men that ever lived, hateful, selfish, unprincipled, cruel, unscrupulous, is undeniable. That he was not the worst of the Jacobin group may also be without hesitation affirmed."

Respecting Fouché, Duc d'Otranto, there is some novelty in an account supplied by Earl Stanhope.

"I formed (the noble earl says) his acquaintance at Dresden, where he arrived about November 1815, as French minister, but in a sort of honourable exile; and he told me that the Duke of Wellington had advised him not to accept that mission, saying, 'You will get into a hole which you will never be able to leave.' He afterwards expressed to me his regret at not having followed that advice, and his opinion that the anticipation was realised by the event. From an exaggerated opinion both of his own importance and of the malice of his enemies, he had left Paris in disguise, and was so apprehensive of being recognised, that when he met his wife on the road he would not acknowledge her. He had remained some weeks at Brussels, and carried on a correspondence with the Duke of Wellington and others; but after receiving from the French government a peremptory order to repair to his post, he continued his journey under the name of M. Durand, *marchand de vin*, till he came to Leipzig, where he resumed his own name. He was accompanied by his wife, who was of the family of Castellane, and related, as he said, to the Bourbons, with four children by his former marriage; by an eldest son, who appeared

to be of weak intellect, and who became remarkable for his avarice; by two other sons, who, even in their childhood, exhibited a strong disposition to cruelty; by a daughter, and by a very intriguing governess, Mlle. Ribaud. He had been early in life a professor in the Oratoire, and it was said very truly at Dresden, that he had 'le visage d'un moine, et la voix d'un mort,' and, as he was for some time the only foreign minister at that court, that he appeared 'like the ghost of the departed corps diplomatique.' His countenance showed great intelligence, and did not indicate the cunning by which he was eminently distinguished; his manner was calm and dignified, and he had, either from nature or from long habit, much power of self-possession. When I announced to him the execution of Marshal Ney, of which by some accident I had received the earliest information, his countenance never changed. He appeared to be nearly sixty years of age, and his hair had become as white as snow, in consequence of his having, according to his own expression, 'slept upon the guillotine for twenty-five years.' His conversation was very animated and interesting, but it related chiefly to events in which he had been an actor; and his inordinate vanity induced him to say, 'I am not a king, but I am more illustrious than any of them.' His statements did not deserve implicit credence; and I may mention as an instance, his bold denial that during the whole course of his long administration as minister of police, any letter had ever been opened at the post-office. Amongst a great number of anecdotes which he related to me, there were two that exhibited in a very striking manner the fertility of his resources when he acted on his own theatre, though, as I shall afterwards show, he appeared utterly helpless amidst the difficulties which he encountered at Dresden. While he was on a mission to the newly established Cisalpine republic, he received orders from the French directory to require the removal of some functionaries who were obnoxious to the Austrian government. He refused to comply, and stated in his answer that those functionaries were attached to France; that the ill-will with which they were viewed by the Austrian government was not a reason for the French government to demand their dismissal; that, according to intelligence which had reached him, Austrian troops were advancing, and that the war would be renewed. The orders were reiterated with-

out effect; and one morning he was informed that an agent of the directory was arrived at his house, and was accompanied by some gens-d'armes. Fouché desired that the agent might be admitted, and that a message might be sent to his friend General Joubert, who commanded some French troops then stationed in the same town, requesting him to come immediately, and to bring with him a troop of cavalry. The agent delivered to Fouché letters of recall, and showed to him afterwards an order to arrest him, and to conduct him to Paris. Fouché made some observations to justify himself till the arrival of Joubert with the cavalry was announced, when he altered his tone, and told the agent, 'You talk of arresting me, and it is in my power to arrest you.' Joubert said, on entering the room, 'Me voilà avec mes dragons, mon cher ami; que puis-je faire à votre service?' and Fouché replied, 'Ce drôle-là veut m'arrêter.' 'Comment!' exclaimed Joubert, 'dans ce cas-là je la tailerai en mille pièces.' The agent excused himself as being obliged to execute the orders which he had received, and was dismissed by Fouché with the remark, 'Vous êtes un sot; allez tranquillement à votre hotel.' When he had retired, Fouché observed that the directory was not respected either at home or abroad, that it would therefore be easy to overthrow the government, and that Joubert might obtain high office if he would assist in the undertaking. Joubert answered that he was merely a soldier, and that he did not wish to meddle in politics; but he granted Fouché's request of furnishing him with a military escort to provide for his safety till he reached Paris. On the road he prepared an address to the council of five hundred, which was calculated to be very injurious, and perhaps fatal, to the government. When he arrived at Paris he called on each of the directors, but was not admitted, and he expressed to me his conviction that he should have been arrested the next morning if he had not immediately insisted upon having an audience with Talleyrand, then minister of foreign affairs. Fouché, after defending his conduct, said that he considered it his duty, before he presented his address, to show it to Talleyrand, who no sooner read it than he saw its dangerous tendency and the whole extent of the mischief to which it might lead. He told Fouché—'I perceive that there has been a misunderstanding, but every thing

may be arranged;' and added, 'the post of minister to the Batavian republic is now vacant, and perhaps you will be willing to accept it.' Fouché, who perceived that the other was intimidated, determined to avail himself of the advantage which he had thus acquired, and replied that his honour and character had been attacked, that immediate reparation was necessary, and that his credentials must be prepared in the course of the night, in order that he might the next day depart on his mission. This request having been granted, Fouché proceeded to state that his journey to Paris had been very expensive; that he had, through his abrupt departure from the Cisalpine republic, lost several valuable presents which he would have received; and that his new mission required another outlay, for all of which he demanded an order for the immediate payment of two hundred thousand francs by the national treasury. Talleyrand gave the order without hesitation; and Fouché, who had arrived in disgrace, if not in great danger, departed the next morning as a minister plenipotentiary with a considerable sum of money. After Napoleon, on his return from Elba, had made such progress as alarmed the French government, Monsieur, afterwards Charles X., sent a message to Fouché requesting a meeting with him in the Tuileries. Fouché declined it, saying that as the circumstance would be known, it would place his conduct in a very ambiguous light; and he then received another message proposing to meet him at the house of a third party. To this proposal Fouché assented, on the condition that the interview should take place in the presence of witnesses, two of whom should attend on each side. On such an occasion any questions of etiquette must have appeared of very subordinate importance; the condition was accepted; and in the interview, which lasted several hours and till long after midnight, Fouché was offered the appointment of police, the title of prince, and the decoration of the St. Esprit. Fouché replied, that the advance of Napoleon was the natural and necessary consequence of the general discontent which prevailed; that no human power could prevent his arrival at Paris; that Fouché's acceptance of office under such circumstances might create an impression of his having betrayed a sovereign whom he ought faithfully to serve; and that he was therefore obliged to reject the offers which in the course of the con-

versation were repeatedly pressed on his acceptance. It seemed to be supposed by the French government that the refusal of such offers was an indication of attachment to Napoleon; and the next morning, when Fouché was in his carriage, at a short distance from his house, he was 'stopped in the name of the king' by an officer of police, attended by gens-d'armes. Fouché desired them to accompany him to his house, when, on getting out of the carriage, he demanded the production of the warrant by which he was arrested; and, on its being shown to him, he threw it on the ground, exclaiming, 'It is a forgery; that is not the king's signature.' The officer of the police, astounded by the effrontery with which Fouché spoke, allowed him to enter the house, when he made his escape through the garden, and went to the Princesse de Vaudremont, who concealed him till the return of Napoleon. Mdlle. Ribaud, the governess, sent a message to the National Guards requesting their immediate attendance, and conducted through the house the officer of police, as he told her that he had orders to take possession of Fouché's papers. His bureaux, &c. were searched; but nothing of any importance was found in them; and Mdlle. Ribaud, when passing through her own room, drew a trunk from beneath her bed, and, taking a key out of her pocket, offered to show her clothes to the officer of police, who said that he had no wish to give her that trouble. It was, however, in that trunk that Fouché's important papers were deposited. In the mean time the National Guards had arrived; and after they were harangued by Mdlle. Ribaud on the merits and services of Fouché, and on the insult and injustice with which he had been treated, they drove away the gens-d'armes who attended the officer of police.—Fouché who, after the return of Napoleon, was reappointed minister of police, was asked by him whether it was not very desirable to obtain the services of Talleyrand, who was then one of the French ambassadors at Vienna. Certainly, replied Fouché? and Napoleon then said, 'What do you think of sending to him a handsome snuff-box?' Fouché was aware of the extreme absurdity of endeavouring to bribe a minister, who was supposed to be rapacious, by a present which, as a matter of course he had received on the conclusion of every treaty, observed, if a snuff-box were sent to Talleyrand, he would

open it to see what it contained. 'What do you mean?' inquired Napoleon. 'It is idle,' replied Fouché, 'to talk of sending to him a snuff-box. Let an order for two millions of francs be sent to him, and let one half of the sum be payable on his return to France.' 'No,' said Napoleon, 'that is too expensive, and I shall not think of it.'—"The Memoirs which after Fouché's death were published under his name, do not appear to be authentic; and the statements contained in them differ in many respects from those which I received from him; but neither the one nor the other may have been founded in truth."—"According to a homely expression, 'there was no love lost' between Fouché and Talleyrand. The former said, 'Talleyrand *est nul* till after he has drank a bottle of Madeira;' and the latter asked, 'Do you not think that Fouché has very much the air of a country comedian?' Fouché spoke very contemptuously of the late Emperor of Austria, whom he called '*un crétin*.'"

To this long quotation we have only room to add, that Lord Brougham bitterly criticises and refutes Junius (inclining, we think, to refer the anonyne to the Francisces), hits hard at the late Lord Sydenham for his letter on the Americans (inserted in the *Literary Gazette* review), and punishes Wilkes with unsparing severity. He gets a slapping analogy between that unprincipled demagogue and the agitator of Ireland: but with these political feelings it is not our province to meddle, and therefore we consign the volume to the public as one of high talent, very varied interest, and considerable information; though on personal topics it might have presented us with many more peculiar and illustrative anecdotes gathered in the writer's close intercourse with the characters brought forward. We had almost forgot to mention some fair portraits of these remarkable personages.

MISS MITFORD.

THE inhabitants of Reading (England) have celebrated the opening of the great public hall, which for some time past has been in progress of erection in one of the central thoroughfares of that town. The construction of it originated in the acknowledged deficiency of accommodation for the inhabitants on public occasions, and the first stone was laid in June, 1842, by Miss Mitford, the well known authoress. There was a highly numerous assemblage present, including Chas. Russell, Esq., M. P., R. Palmer, Esq., Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, &c.

From the London Charivari.

PUNCH'S GOSSIP.—FORKS.

MAN, in his present social state, may be represented by his fork. Look at it with philosophic eye, it is his type—his very self—the visible and tangible sign of his worldly worth. What an outcast is he, who has no fork! What a Pariah—what a mere animal—who picks his fitful meat not with three prongs, but ten fingers! And then, how great the aristocracy of prongs! How very different the metal and the workmanship! Consider, too, the hypocrisy of forks; and deny, if you can, that the said hypocrisy has in it the spirit of the times—that it represents the superficial seeming of tens of thousands. Here is German silver—English silver—Britannia metal—silvered steel—English plate—and fifty metallic juggles, whereof we know not the names, all putting on an outside lustre, and carrying certain indents, to cheat the common eye into the belief that it looks on solid silver and the Hall-mark. The Hall-mark! Where is the British lion?—where the Royal head? Britannia metal has it not—German silver is innocent of the impression; but there is a blot—a something nondescript marked in the fork—a sort of hopeful forgery that, with the unwary, may pass muster for the handiwork of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths.

We repeat it: as with forks, so with men. The screeching vice of our day—a vice that screams to heaven—is for every man to appear at least solid silver to his neighbour; and, so that the appearance be successfully put on, the real worth of the metal is of little matter. An iron fork is an abomination—at once the representative and confession of direst poverty. No: the gentility of life demands silver; well, as silver lies not within the reach of all hands, we put on an outside cheat of Britannia metal. It looks silver; eight people out of ten believe it silver; that belief makes our reputation; and we are complacently reconciled to the base metal by the sweet conviction that it cheats our visitors. “Not to be detected from silver,” shout the advertisements, and we at once give preference to that consummate hypocrisy. “My dear,” says Mrs. Smith to her husband, “nobody would know ’em from silver;” and Smith is more than content with his counterfeit forks; he is delighted with them, for at next to no cost they impart

to him the reputation of property. And Smith looks at the back of the fork, and, peering at the hieroglyphics stamped therein, declares them to be wonderfully like the “Hall-mark,” and that “not one eye out of ten would know the difference.”

And how often is Smith's fork the representative of Smith! In the world Smith passes for a man of precious metal. Even as the fork is polished, so does Smith polish his manner, and put a bright face upon himself to dazzle the world; and the world, the quick, keen-eyed world, that is so sharp, so knowing, assured that it sees the “Hall-mark” in all Smith's doings, trusts him upon his glitter, and Smith is rich; that is, like Smith's fork, Smith passes for silver, and gets all the honours.

Tens of thousands of men—of men of precious metal as they seem—what are they but Britannia metal forks? What their daily labour behind the counter, upon the mart, and in the highways, but to rub and polish themselves into a *silver look*?

Now come we to the plain, unsophisticated, household instrument, the plebeian of forks—the fork of iron. What a terrible history may hang about it! Of all the family of forks, how wretched!

Glorious is the fork of gold, doing its dainty work at royal and noble tables. Comfortable—yea, most comfortable—the fork of solid silver, visiting the mouth of ease and competence. Well to do, enough, those fraudulent forks—forks of all imaginable metals that may pass for silver! But sometimes, sad indeed the fate of fork of iron! Sad in the scanty food it picks from out the poor man's dish! Sad in its long solitude, rusting in cupboard!

Here are two forks—silver and iron. A well-paid healthy artificer was he who made the precious fork; and it was sold into some good man's family—a good, prosperous, easy, well-feeding man. This silver fork hath smacked its prongs at a thousand luxuries! It knows the fat of venison—can tell what grouse is made of!—has had the ruby gravy gush from the sirloin beneath its claws. Veal, lamb, and mutton are its constant acquaintances, in all their vapid variety. The silver fork could write a cookery-book, discoursing practically.

What says the fork of iron? Why, it came into the world as death's weapon; and such was its fate—it fell into the hands of the poor—and scarcely knows the taste of

meat. How was it made, and what good gifts did the said iron fork award to its maker? Doctor Calvert Holland shall tell us.

A book—a terrible book—called *The Vital Statistics of Sheffield*—has just been published, in which the tragic history of the iron fork-grinder may be read by the sons and daughters of the Silver Fork with some profit—perhaps. Doctor Calvert says:—

“Fork-grinding is always performed on a dry stone; and in this consists the peculiar destructive character of the branch. In the room in which it is carried on there are generally from eight to ten individuals at work; and the dust which is created, composed of the fine particles of stone and metal, rises in clouds and pervades the atmosphere to which they are confined. The dust which is thus every moment inhaled, gradually undermines the vigour of the constitution, and produces permanent disease of the lungs, accompanied by difficulty of breathing, cough, and a wasting of the animal frame, often at the early age of twenty-five.”

Here are thoughts that might sometimes spoil a good man's dinner. Dr. Calvert proceeds:—

“It is found, on examination, that among the ninety-seven men, about thirty at this moment are suffering, in various degrees, from the disease peculiar to this occupation, and which is known by the name, grinder's asthma. The disease is seated in the lungs and the air-passages, and the progress of it is accompanied with the gradual disorganisation of these important organs. In its advanced stages, it admits neither of cure nor of any material alleviation. In the early stages, the only efficient remedy is the withdrawal from the influence of the exciting cause: but how is this to be effected by men who depend from day to day upon their labour, and whose industry from early life has been confined to one particular branch? Here, then, is the melancholy truth, that nearly one-third of this class of artisans, in addition to the poverty and wretchedness common to the whole, is in a state of actual disease—and disease which no art can cure.”

Mors loquitur:—

“In one thousand deaths of persons above twenty years of age, the proportion between twenty and twenty-nine years, in England and Wales, is annually one hundred and sixty. In Sheffield, one hundred and eighty-four; but among the fork-grinders, the pro-

portion is the appalling number four hundred and seventy-five; so that between these two periods, three in this trade die to one in the kingdom generally.”

Such is the history of the Iron Fork. It is Death's most handy weapon—upon the very threshold of life it stabs men in the lungs; deals a wound which admits of neither cure nor alleviation, but sends them coughing to their graves at twenty-five!

Oh, reader! thou mayest be a Gold Fork; thou mayest be solid Silver; nay, Britannia Metal—Queen's Metal—German Silver—British Plate! Yet, whatever thou art, as the daily fork visits thy mouth, sometimes think of the Fork of Iron—of the death it awards its maker, of the scanty meal it helps to thousands! Think of this; and, though the thought may sometimes spoil a toothsome morsel, 'twill fill thee with thanks for thy exemption, and teach thee tenderness towards the sufferer. Terrible is the sermon preached to other Forks by Fork of Iron!

Q.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

REMINISCENCES OF SYRIA.

BY COLONEL NAPIER.

GALLOPING, gossiping, flirting and fighting, feasting and starving, but always in high spirits and the best possible humour, Colonel Napier might answer an advertisement for “A Pleasant Companion in a Postchaise,” without the slightest chance of rejection. But it is difficult to imagine so dashing a traveller, boxed up in a civilized conveyance, rolling quietly along a Macadamized road, with a diversity of mile-stones and an occasional turnpike gate, the only incidents by the way—no wild Maronite glimpsing at him over the hedge; no black-eyed houri peeping over the balustrades of the caravan-serai, (called by vulgar men the Bricklayers' Arms)—no Saices to help John Hostler to change horses: but dulness, uniformity, and most tiresome and unromantic safety. England, we are sorry to confess it, is not the land of stirring adventures or hair-breadth 'scapes—a railway coach occasionally blows up; a blind leader occasionally bolts into a ditch; a wheel comes occasionally into dangerous collision with one of Pickford's vans; but these are the utmost that can be hoped for in the way of peril, and other excitement there is positively none. We have treated

life as the mathematician did *Paradise Lost*—we have struck out all its similes—obliterated its flights—expunged its glorious visions—we have made it prose. But fortunately for us—for Colonel Napier—for the reading public—there is a land where mathematicians are unknown, and where poetry continues to flourish in the full vigour of cimeters and turbans—the region of the sun—

“The first of Eastern lands he shines upon.”

It was in this very beautiful, but rather overdone portion of earth's surface, that the adventures occurred of which we are now to give some account; and as probably most of our readers have heard the name of Syria pretty often of late, we need not display much geographical erudition in pointing out where it lies. It would be pleasant to us if we could atone for brevity in this respect, by illuminating the reader on the causes that have brought Syria so prominently forward; but on this point we confess with shame and confusion of face, that we know no more than Lord Ponsonby or M. Thiers. The truth seems to be, that some time about two or three years ago, five or six people in influential stations went mad, and our Secretary for Foreign Affairs took the infection. He showed his teeth and raised his “birse,” and barked in a most audacious manner, till the French kennel answered the challenge; an old dog in Egypt cocked his tail at the same time, and the world began to be afraid that hydrophobia would be universal. All parties were delighted to let the rival yelpers fight it out on so distant a field as Syria; and in that country of heat and dryness, of poverty, anarchy, cruelty, and superstition, there was a skirmish that kept all Christendom on the tenter-hooks for half-a-year; and this we believe to be the policy of the Syrian campaign. Better for all parties concerned, that a few thousand turbaned and malignant Turks or Egyptians should bite the dust, than that there should be another Austerlitz or Waterloo. So the signal was accordingly given, and the work began.

Wherever there is any fighting it is not to be doubted that the English hurra will be heard—and an apparition had been seen in the smoke of battle, which had sorely puzzled the wisest of the soothsayers of Egypt to explain. It was of a being apparently human, but dressed as if to represent Mars and Neptune at the same time, charging along the tops of houses, with the jolly cocked hat of

a captain of a British man-of-war on the point of his sword, and a variety of exclamations in his mouth, more complimentary to the enemy's speed than his courage. The muftis, we have said, were sorely puzzled, and at last set it down as an infallible truth that he must be none other than Old Harry, whereas there was not a sailor in the fleet that did not know that it was none other than Old Charley. And this identical Old Charley, in a style of communication almost as rapid as his military evolutions, had indited the following epistle to the author of the volumes before us:—

“Headquarters of the Army of Lebanon.
Djouni, Sept. 1840.

“My dear Edward—I have hoisted my broad pendant on Mount Lebanon, and mean to advance against the Egyptians with a considerable force under my command; you may be of use here; therefore go to Sir John M'Donald, and ask him to get leave for you to join me without delay.

“Your affectionate father,
“CHARLES NAPIER.”

And the dutiful son, who seems to have no inconsiderable portion of the paternal penchant for broken heads and other similar divertisements, in three weeks from the receipt of the letter found himself on board the *Hydra*, and rapidly approaching the classic shores of Sidon, Tyre, Ptolemais; the scenes of scriptural records and deeds of chivalry—Palestine—the Holy Land. But the broad pendant in the mean time had been pulled down on Mount Lebanon, and once more fluttered to the sea-breezes on board the *Powerful*. Sir Charles Smith had assumed the command of the land forces, and whether from ill-humour at finding half the work done during his absence by the amphibious commodore, or from some other cause, his reception of the author was, at first, far from cordial. Instead of being useful, as he had hoped, he found the sturdy old general blind to the value of his accession; and when the *Powerful* sailed, he found himself without quarters appointed him, or even an invitation to join the officers' mess. But with the usual good luck of persons who bear disappointments well, all turned out for the best, as will be seen by the following extract:

“I had, on board the *Powerful*, a few days before, formed the acquaintance of a young Syrian of the name of Assaade el Khyat, who, brought up at one of our universities, was at heart a true Englishman, spoke

fluently our own and several other European and Eastern languages, and whom I found, on the whole, a sensible, well-informed young man, and a most agreeable companion. As I was sitting alone, after a solitary dinner, (in the miserable hotel at Beyrout,) musing in a brown study over a bottle of red Cyprus wine, my new acquaintance was ushered into the apartment. I made no secret to him of my exceedingly uncomfortable position, when he, with great kindness and liberality, overcoming the usual prejudices of his country, offered me an asylum in his own family, which offer I most gladly accepted, and was accordingly the next morning comfortably installed in my new quarters, whereof I will endeavour to give the reader a slight description.

"The house of which I had just so unexpectedly become an inmate, was situated in one of the most retired and out of the way parts of the town, and it was not before considerable time had elapsed, and then with difficulty, that I became acquainted with the labyrinth of narrow lanes, alleys, and dark passages which it was requisite to thread in order to arrive at this desired haven, the property of a young man of the name of Giorgio Habbit Jummal—brother-in-law of my friend Assaade, to whom one of his sisters was married, and whom, as he spoke Italian with fluency and ease, I at once engaged as my dragoman or interpreter.

"By a strange coincidence, I, under the roof of Giorgio, for the first time became acquainted with Mr. Hunter, the author of the *Expedition to Syria*, who, placed in similar circumstances with myself, was likewise an inmate of the same house, and of whom, as we were subsequently much known together during our residence in this country, I shall after have occasion to mention: at present I will take the liberty of borrowing from his amusing narrative the following account of the inmates of our new domicile. 'We lived in the house of a respectable Syrian family, that of Habbit Jummal, or interpreted, the esteemed camel-driver. Our landlord, Giorgius, the head of this family, was a young man hardly out of his teens; and having some competency, and being moreover *un beau garçon*, did not follow either his ancestral, or any other avocation. The harem, or woman's portion of the house, was composed of his mother, a fair widow of forty, and her two daughters, both Eastern beauties of their kind, Sarah and Nasarah, (meaning Victory or Victoria;) the first, a laughing black-eyed

hourai, with mischief in every dimple in her pretty face; the other, a more portly damsel, of a melancholy but not less pleasing expression. There were besides these, three younger children with equally poetic names, (Nassif, Iskunder, and Furkha,) and included in the *coterie* was a good-humored negress, the general handmaid, whose original cognomen of Saade, was lost in the apposite soubriquet of Snowball.' Although the greater part of the inhabitants of Beyroot are Christians, generally speaking, of the Greek Church, to which persuasion likewise belonged the family of our host Giorgio; still in this land of bigotry and oppression—to such an extent is carried suspicion and jealousy, and so far have Mahomedan prejudices in this respect been adopted, that all the women (those of the peasantry alone excepted) lead nearly as secluded a life as the Osmanli ladies of Constantinople or Smyrna. On venturing abroad, which they seldom do, unless when the knessi or humuan (church or bath) are the limits of their excursions, they are so closely shrouded in the izar, or long white garment, which coming over the head and hiding the face, falls in numerous folds to the ground, as to be scarcely recognizable by their nearest friends or relations. To allow, therefore, two unknown and friendless strangers to become familiar inmates of an Eastern family, exposing wives, daughters, and sisters, to their unhallowed gaze, was a favour and mark of confidence on the part of Assaade which we duly appreciated, nor ever abused; it was, however, a privilege to which no other stranger in the place was admitted, and affording, as it did, such opportunities of acquiring the Arabic language, I eagerly embraced it without any feeling of regret at the inhospitality to which I was originally indebted for my admission behind the scenes of Oriental life.

"The bare, gloomy, and massive stone walls of the exterior of our habitation, had not prepared us for the comforts we found inside; and as for the first time we followed Giorgio and his brother-in-law up the rude and narrow stone staircase, which appeared to be scarped out of the very thickness of the wall—an open sesame from the former causing a strong iron studded door to fly back on its hinges, disclosed a handsome patis or court paved with black and white marble, along the sides of which were luxuriantly growing, and imparting a cooling freshness to the scene, the perfumed orange-trees, bearing at the same time both fruit and blossoms,

and flanked by green myrtles and flowering geraniums; while an apartment opening on this garden terrace, and which appeared from the carpets and cushions scattered around the still smoking narghilis, (or water-pipe, in which is smoked the tumbic or Persian tobacco,) and other sundry traces of female industry, to be appropriated as the common sitting room of the family, was on our entrance precipitately deserted by all its occupants, save one fine-looking matronly lady, whom Giorgio introduced as his mother; and while she was welcoming us with many 'Faddalls,' and politely repeating, *Annamugsond shoufuk*. (be seated, I am delighted to see you,) with innumerable other euphonious phrases, as we afterwards found high-flown Eastern compliments, but which at the time were sadly wasted on our Frankish ignorance, he, following the fair fugitives, soon brought back in each hand the blushing deserters, who have already been introduced to the reader as Mesdemoiselles Sarah and Nasarah. Pipes, narghilis, sherbet, and coffee followed in quick succession; the young negress, Saade, acting as Hebe on the occasion; and the ladies, at first timid as gazelles of the desert, soon, like those pretty creatures when reclaimed from the wilderness, became quite domestic, acquired confidence, and freely joined in the conversation, which was with volubility carried on through the medium of Giorgio and Assaade; and ere an hour had elapsed, we were all on the friendly and easy footing of old acquaintances; when, taking leave for the time, we hastened to make the necessary arrangements for the conveyance of our goods and chattels to the capital billets we had had the good fortune to stumble on."

The colonel made good use of his opportunity, and, by a diligent perusal of Miss Sarah's eyes, and an attentive study of Miss Nasarah's dimple, managed to acquire a smattering of Arabic in a far shorter time than would have been required in the most assiduous turning over of dictionaries and grammars. But our school-boy days can't last for ever—and, ere a fortnight elapsed, an order arrived from England for the hopeful scholar to be placed on the returns of the Syrian army, and to draw his field allowance, rations, and forage, as assistant adjutant-general of the British force. Dictionaries and eyes, grammars and dimples, were now exchanged for less pleasing pursuits. Fifteen thousand troops were by this time assembled at Beyrout, and rumour kept per-

petually blowing the charge against Ibrahim Pasha, who was still encamped at Zachli, with an army much superior to that of the allies. Booted and spurred—with a long sword, saddle, bridle, and all the other paraphernalia so captivating to an ancient fair, as recorded in one of the lays of Old England by some forgotten Macaulay of former times—the colonel is intent on some doughty deed, and already in imagination sees captive Egyptians following his triumphal car. When all of a sudden, the sad news gets spread abroad that the old commodore has concluded a convention with Mehemet Ali, and that all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war is at an end. One only chance remained, and that was, that as all the big-wigs protested with all their might against the convention; and the fleet, in the midst of protestation and repudiations of all sorts and kinds, was forced by a severe gale to up anchor and run for Marmorice Bay, Ibrahim Pasha might perhaps be tempted to protest also in a still more unpleasant manner, and pay a visit to Beyrout in the absence of the navy. The very thoughts of it, however the English auxiliaries may have felt on the subject, gave an attack of fever to the unfortunate inhabitants, who devoutly prayed for a speedy fall of *tubbish*, (or snow,) by which his dreaded approach might be impeded. "Had such a movement on his part been taken at this critical moment, it is not improbable that it might have proved successful; as amid the variety of religious and conflicting interests, by which the people of Beyrout were influenced, Ibrahim had no doubt many friends in the town; and it is certain that he was moreover regularly made acquainted with every occurrence which took place, through the medium, as was supposed, of French agency and espionage.

Ibrahim, however, had had enough of red coats and blue jackets, and left the people of Beyrout to themselves—an example which was followed by the author, who, being foiled in his expectations of riding down the Egyptians on the noble Arab left to him by the commodore, determined to put that fiery animal (the Arab) to its paces in scouring the country in all directions. It is not often that an assistant adjutant-general sets out on a tour in search of the picturesque; but in this instance the search was completely successful. Rock, ravine, precipice, and dell—running waters and waving woods, come as naturally to his pen as returns of effective

force and other professional details; and, whatever the writing of them may be, we are prepared to contend that the reading of them is infinitely pleasanter. But as travellers and poets have of late left few mountains or molehills unsung in Palestine, we prefer extracting a picturesque account of a venerable abbess, who threw the light of Christian goodness over that benighted land about a century ago, and must have impressed the heathens in the neighbourhood with an exalted notion of the virtues of a nunnery:—

“Hendia was a Maronite girl, possessing extraordinary personal charms, who, in 1755, first brought herself into notice by her pretended piety and attention to her religious duties, till at last she was by this simple and credulous people considered almost in the light of a saint or prophetess. When she had thus established a reputation for sanctity, she next thought of becoming the head and chief of an extensive establishment of monks and nuns, to receive whom, with the aid of large contributions raised among her credulous admirers and followers, she erected two spacious stone buildings, which soon became filled with proselytes of both sexes. The patriarch of Lebanon was named the director of this establishment, and for twenty years Hendia reigned with unbounded sway over the little community—performing miracles, uttering prophecies, and giving other tokens of being in the performance of a divine mission; and though it was remarked that many deaths yearly occurred among the nuns, the circumstance was generally attributed to disease incident to the insalubrity of the situation. At last, chance brought to light the cause of this very great mortality, and disclosed all the secret horrors which had so long remained covered by the veil of mystery in this abode of monastic abominations. A traveller, on his way from Damascus to the coast, happened to arrive one fine summer night at a late hour before the convent gates, which he found closed; and not wishing to disturb its inmates, who had apparently retired to rest, he spread his travelling rug under some neighbouring trees, and laid himself down to sleep. His slumbers, were, however, shortly disturbed by a number of persons, who, issuing from the convent, appeared to be clandestinely bearing away what seemed to be a heavy bundle. Prompted by curiosity, he cautiously followed the party, who, after going a short distance, deposited their burden, and commenced digging a deep hole,

into which having placed and covered with earth what was evidently a dead body, they immediately took their departure. Astonished, and rather dismayed, at an occurrence of so mysterious a nature, the traveller lost no time in mounting his mule, and on arriving at Beyrout made known the extraordinary occurrence to which he had been witness the night before. This account reached the ears of a merchant who happened to have two daughters undergoing their novitiate at El Kourket, and reports had lately reached him of the illness of one of his children; this, together with the numerous deaths which had lately taken place at the convent, coupled with the traveller's narrative, excited in his mind the most serious apprehensions. He gave information on the subject, and laid a complaint before the Grand Prince at Dahr-el-Kamar, and, accompanied by his informant and a troop of horsemen furnished by the Emir, hastened to the spot of the alleged mysterious burial, when to his horror, on opening the newly made grave, he discovered it to contain the corpse of his youngest daughter! Frantic at this sight, he desired instant admission, in order to ascertain the safety of her sister. On this being refused, the gates were forced open, and the unfortunate girl was found closely confined in a dungeon, on the point of death, but retaining still strength enough to disclose horrors which led to an investigation, implicating the patriarch, the abbess, and several priests. This transaction, which happened in 1776, was submitted for the decision of the Papal See; when it appeared that the pretended prophetess had, by means of many ingenious mechanical devices, thus long imposed on public credulity, while in the retirement of the cloister the most licentious and profligate occurrences nightly took place; and that when any unfortunate nun gave offence, either by refusing to be sacrificed at the shrine of infamy, or that it became desirable to get rid of her, in order to appropriate for the convent the amount of her property, she was immured in a dungeon, left to perish by a lingering and miserable death, and then privately buried in the night. In consequence of these shocking discoveries, the patriarch was deposed—the priests, his accomplices, were severely punished, and the high priestess of this temple of cruelty and debauchery was immured in confinement, and survived for many years to repent of all the atrocities she had previously committed.”

We should like to know the colonel's authority for this circumstantial account. It bears at present a startling resemblance to the confession of Maria Monk, and the villainies recorded of the nunnery at Montreal; and we will hope in the mean time, that the devil, even in the shape of a lady abbess, is not quite so black as he is painted. The present abbess of El Kourket is already as black as need be, for we are told she is an Ethiopian negress.

The war carried on in Syria after the decisive battle of Boharsef, seems to have been on the model of those recorded by Major Sturgeon, and to have consisted of marching and countermarching, without any definite object, except, perhaps, the somewhat Universal Peace-Society one of getting out of the enemy's way. General Jochmus, we guess from his name, was a Scotch school-master, with a Latin termination—there being no mistaking the Jock—and in his religious tenets we feel sure he was a Quaker. The English officers attached to the staff had immense difficulty in bringing the troops (if they deserve to be called so) to the scratch; and we trust that, in all future commentaries on the Art of War, the method adopted by Commodore Napier, of throwing stones at his gallant army to force them forward, will not be forgotten. The author before us had no sinecure, and after the news of Ibrahim's retreat, galloped hither and thither, like the wild huntsman of a German story, to discover by what route the vanquished lion was growling his way to his den. With a hundred irregular horse, furnished him by Osman Aga, he set out on a foray beyond Jordan; and we do not wonder his two friends, Captain Lane, a Prussian edition of Don Quixote, and Mr. Hunter, who has written an excellent account of his expedition to Syria, besides his old Beyrout friend Giorgio, volunteered to accompany him.

"My motley troop, apparently composed of every tribe from the Caspian to the Red Sea, displayed no less variety in arms and accoutrements than in their personal appearance, varying from the sturdy-looking Kourd, mounted on his strong powerful steed, to the swarthy, spare, and sinewy Arab, with his long reed-like spear, his head encircled with the Kefiah, or thick rope of twisted camels' hair; while the flowing 'abbage' waved gracefully down the shining flanks of the high-mettled steed of the desert. In short, such

an assemblage of cut-throat looking ruffians was probably never before seen; and while the Prussian military eye of old Lane glanced down our wide-spread and irregular line, I could see a curl of contempt on his gray mustaches, though his weather-beaten countenance maintained all the gravity of Frederick the Great. The troop appeared to be divided into two distinct parties—one Arab, the other Turkish; and, on directing the two chiefs to call the 'roll' of their respective forces, I found that many were absent without leave, and the party which should have amounted to a hundred cavaliers only mustered between seventy and eighty. However, on the assurance that the rest would speedily follow—as there was no time to spare, after making them a short harangue, in which I promised abundance of *nehub* (plunder) whenever we came across the enemy, to which they responded by a wild yell of approbation—I gave the signal to move off, which was instantly obeyed, amid joyous shouts, the brandishing of spears, and promiscuous discharge of fire-arms. Having thus got them under weigh, the next difficulty I experienced was to keep them together. I tried to form a rear-guard to bring up the stragglers, but the guard would not remain behind, nor the stragglers keep up with the main body; and I soon, finding that something more persuasive than mere words was requisite to maintain them in order, took the first opportunity of getting a stout cudgel, with which I soundly belaboured all those whom I found guilty of thus disobeying my commands. The Eastern does not understand the *suaviter in modo*; behave to him like a human being, he fancies you fear him, and he sets you at defiance—kick him and cuff him, treat him like a dog, and he crouches at your feet, the humble slave of your slightest wishes."

Discipline of so perfect a nature must have inspired the gallant colonel with the strongest hopes of success in case of an onslaught on the forces of Ibrahim Pasha, and in all probability his efforts, with those of Captain Lane, Hunter, and Giorgio, might have produced something like a skirmish when they came near the tents of the Egyptians; but it would seem that the cudgels wielded by the Musree commanders were either not so strong or not so well applied, for on the first appearance of the hostile squadron, the heroes of Nezib evaporated as if by magic, but not before a similar feat of legerdemain had been performed by the rabble rout of

Turks and Arabs; and on looking round, to inspire his followers with a speech after the manner of Thucydides, the colonel discovered the last of his escort disappearing at full speed on the other side of the plain, and the Europeans were left alone in their glory. As they had nobody to attack, (the enemy continuing still in a state of evaporation,) every thing ended well; and, if the trumpeter had not been among the fugitives, their might have been a triumphal blow performed although no blow had been struck. We do not believe in the courage of the Arabs. No amount of kicking and cuffing could cow a nation's spirit that had once been brave; and we therefore consider it the greatest marvel in history how the Arabians managed at one time to conquer half the world. They must have been very different fellows from the chicken-hearted children of the desert recorded in these volumes. One thing only is certain, that they have left their anti-fighting propensities to their mongrel descendants in Spain; for a series of *actions*—that is, jinking and skulking, and running up and down, hiding themselves as if they were the personages of a writ—more distinctly Arabian than the late campaign which ended in the overthrow of Espartero, could not have been performed under the shadows of Mount Ebal. All the nobility that we are so fond of picturing to ourselves in the deeds and thoughts of Saladin, has gone over to the horse. The wild steed retains its fire, though the miserable horseman would do for a Madrilenian *aide-de-camp*. And yet this is the way they are treated:—

“It was a matter of surprise to us, how our horses stood without injury all the exposure, severe work, and often short commons, to which they were constantly subjected. When we come to a place where barley was to be procured, the grooms carried away as much as they could; when none was to be had, we gave our nags peas and *tibbin*, (chopped straw, the only forage used in the East,) or anything we could lay our hands on; they had little or no grooming, and frequently the saddles were not even removed from their backs. But I believe that nothing save the high mettle of the desert blood would carry an animal through all this toil and privation; and as to the much-extolled kindness of the Arab toward his horse, although it may be the case in the far deserts of the Hedged and Hedjar, I can avow that I never saw these noble animals

treated with more inhuman neglect than I witnessed in the whole of my wanderings through Syria.”

The dreariness of a ride through the desolate plains and rugged rocks of Palestine, was diversified with startling adventures; and the fact of several of the powers of Europe and many of the tribes of Asia having chosen that sterile region for their battle-place, gave rise to some very odd coincidences. People from all the ends of the earth, who were lounging away their existence some three or four months before, without any anticipation of treading in the footsteps of the crusaders—some smoking strong tobacco in the coffee-houses of Berlin, or leaning gracefully (like the Chinese Admiral Kwang,) against the pillars of the Junior United Service Club in London—or driving a heavy curricule in the Prado at Vienna—or reading powerfully for honours at the Great Go at Oxford—or climbing Albanian hills—or reclining in the silken recesses of a harem at Constantinople—all were thrown together in such unexpected groups, and found themselves so curiously banded together, that the tame realities of an ordinary campaign were thrown completely into the shade. The following introduces us to another member of the foray, whose character seems to have been such a combination of the gallant soldier and light-hearted troubadour, that we read of his after fate, in dying of the plague at Damascus, with great regret.

“My troop had not yet cleared a difficult pass close to the khan, running between an abrupt face of the hill and the river, when the advanced guard came back at full speed with the announcement that a body of the enemy's infantry was near at hand. Closely jammed in a narrow defile, between inaccessible cliffs and the precipitous banks of the Jordan, with nothing but cavalry at my disposal, I was placed in rather a disagreeable position. There remained, however, no alternative but to put spurs to our horses, push forward through the pass, deploy on the level ground beyond it, and then trust to the chances of war. Having explained these intentions to the Sheikh and Aga, we lost no time in carrying them into effect; and on taking extended order after clearing the pass, saw immediately in front of us what we took to be the advanced guard of the enemy, consisting of some twenty or thirty soldiers, whom their white foustanellis” (the foustanellis is that

part of the Albanian costume corresponding with the highland kilt) "and tall active forms immediately marked as Arnouts, or Albanians. Seeing, probably, that we had now the advantage of the ground, they hastily retired, recrossing a ravine which intersected the path, and extending in capital light infantry style, were soon sheltered behind the stones and rocks on the opposite bank, over the brow of which nought was to be seen but the protruding muzzles and long shining barrels of their firelocks. All this was the work of a few seconds, and passed in a much briefer space of time than it has taken to relate. I had now the greatest difficulty in keeping Mahommed Aga and his men from charging up to enemies who, from their present position, could have picked them easily off with perfect safety to themselves; and riding rapidly forward with Captain Lane, to see if we could by some means turn their flank, a few horsemen at this moment suddenly appeared over the swell on the opposite side of the ravine, the foremost of whom, whilst making many friendly signals, galloped across the intervening space, hailing us a friend, and at the same time waving his hand, to prevent his own people from opening their fire. Lane and myself were not backward in returning this greeting; and on approaching, we beheld a handsome young man, dressed in the showy Austrian uniform, with a black Tartar sheepskin cap on his head, who, coming up, accosted us in French, and with all the frankness of a soldier, introduced himself as Count Szechingé, a captain of Austrian dragoons, then on his way from Tiberias with a party composed of one or two Turkish lancers, about twenty-five Albanian deserters, his German servant, dragoman, and suite, to raise troops in the Adjellioun hills—a mission very similar to the one I was myself employed on at Naplouse."

An acquaintance begun under such circumstances grows into friendship with amazing rapidity; and many are the joyous hours the foragers spend together, in spite of intolerable weather and storms of sleet and snow, which bear a far greater resemblance to the climate of Lochaber than to that of Syria, "land of roses." Reinforced with the count and his companions, Colonel Napier pushes on—gets into the vicinity of the Ibrahim—his rabble rout turn tail, in case of being swallowed alive by the ferocious pasha, whose reputation for cruelty and all manner

of iniquities seems well deserved; and having ascertained the movements of that formidable ruffian, he returned to Naplouse to take command of fifteen hundred half-tamed, undisciplined savages, with whom to oppose his retreat. Luckily, the ratification of the convention comes in the nick of time; for it is very evident that the best cudgels that were ever cut in "the classic woods of Hawthornden," could not have awakened a spark of military ardour in the wretched riff-raff assemblage appointed for this service—and of all the abortive effects at generalship we have ever read of, the attempt of the Turkish commanders was infinitely the worse—no foresight in providing for difficulties—no valour in fighting their way out of them; but, to compensate for these trifling deficiencies, a plentiful supply of pride and cruelty, with a due admixture of dishonesty. We heartily join, with Colonel Napier, in wondering where the deuce the "integrity of the Ottoman empire" is to be found, as, beyond all doubt, not a particle of it exists in any of its subjects. The pashas of Egypt, bad as they undoubtedly are, have redeeming points about them, which the Hassans, and Izzets, and Reschids of the Turks have no conception of; and, lively and sparkling as the gallant colonel's narrative is, we confess it leaves a sadder impression on our minds of the hopelessness and the degeneracy of the Moslems, than any book we have met with. Turk and Egyptian should equally be whipped back into the desert, and the fairest portions of the world be won over to civilization, wealth, and happiness. The present volumes close at the end of January 1841, and perhaps they are among the best results of the campaign. We shall be glad to see the proceedings at Alexandria sketched off in the same pleasant style.

Mr. CHRISTOPHER, a young and intelligent officer of the Indian Navy, in making a survey of the eastern coast of Africa, has recently discovered a noble river to the northward of the Jub. He entered, and traced it one hundred and thirty miles from its mouth. On advancing, he found it increase in depth and width, which it continued to do, as he ascertained from the natives, for upwards of four hundred miles higher up. The average breadth he found to be from two hundred to three hundred feet, and the depth about sixty feet. The stream is clear, and the banks are in a high state of cultivation; grain of all kinds plentiful, and very cheap. Mr. Christopher named it the Haines River, in compliment to Mr. Haines, the able Superintendent of Aden.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

THE INDIANS OF THE WESTERN STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.*

THAT man is made of the same materials, and composed of the same passions in all ages and places, is undoubtedly true. From the time when the baleful star of the first great father of our race unhappily rose to the ascendant, to the last moment which time has registered, the same hopes, the same fears, the same lovings, the same likings, the same attractions and repulsions—in short, the same impulses of nature, have attested the invariableness of those laws in force at the creation. There is, indeed, a perfect oneness in our race. Our brotherhood is not nominal, but actual; and probably this similarity is more positive than at first sight appears. The sinner and the saint both love and hate in common; it may even be with the same intensity, but the objects are different;—the one loves the evil and hates the good; the other loves the good and hates the evil. In the first, the elements of his nature are lashed into storm and tempest; in the last, the sunshine grows into effulgence. Justice, indeed, requires this sameness of conformation in beings amenable to the same laws of adjudication, otherwise its own ordinances would be outraged.

Still, though consideration brings us to this conclusion, without it we might be tempted into pronouncing the different tribes of our race as of a different creation. For instance, the Caffre, treacherous and cruel, can claim little brotherhood with the gentle sun-worshipper of Peru, and the Australian, with his niggardliness of mental resources, seems to have little affinity with the already half-civilized New Zealander. The difference is, indeed, striking, but it is a difference of position and developement rather than of organization.

Among the denizens of nature in her giant wildernesses, where pillars, the growth of centuries, their capitals clothed in verdure less perishable than the acanthus because ever renewing, adorn her temples, and where unmeasurable prairies form the courts of those sylvan solitudes, no tribe of people are more deserving our observation and admiration than those of Western America. Whether or not we travel time backwards, and trace their history through ages that have passed away, to a condition wherein the lux-

ury of palmy days encircled them, and when, instead of recognising in them civilized man's crude, unshapen embryo, we find them on an eminence of civilization from which they have gradually declined, reading the history of their loftier state in the ruins of magnificent palaces, and the crumbling records of pompous works of art,—whether or not, thus tracing their steps backwards, we find them in a state of elevation from which they have retrograded, or, with less exciting credence, rejecting lordly pedigrees, and simply considering their present condition as on the verge of advance rather than declension—in either case, we say, that the tribes of Western America amply deserve a close attention, and excite a lively interest.

One of the most striking features of the present day exists in a species of connexion, and in some sense of coalition, of the great human family. That wonderful energy of mind which has disseminated itself over so large a portion of the surface of the earth, and is daily and hourly increasing in some of its most striking subdivisions, in the shape of railroads and steam vessels, is attended, as a necessary consequence, by the approximation to union of tribes and races hitherto severed from each other by a vast extent of country, the passing over of which required an expenditure of too large a portion of life, so that time and space united in keeping up the separation. Now, however, that the spirit of man has obtained the mastery over these obstacles of nature, it seems as if the intellect were designed as the mighty medium of connecting the affections. If that universal philanthropy which Christianity enjoins did indeed operate upon the heart with but a modicum of its energising influence, then that expenditure of mind, which has in a great measure enabled us to span the globe, by uniting the scattered portions of our race, would prove the greatest of earthly blessings. As it is, with but a scant and narrow view of its importance, its operations are inestimable. The inhabitants of the most distant and opposite portions of the world are now brought into contact with each other, and we trust that a higher cultivation of intellect, and a purer perception of the truths of Christianity, will be the happy result.

We have, however, already received some fruits of this discursive spirit, and, among these, the work of Captain Marryat, which has given rise to these observations, is not the least valuable. Highly curious and in-

* Narrative of the Adventures of Monsieur Violet, in California, Sonora, and Western Texas. Written by Capt. Marryat, C. B.

teresting it unquestionably is, of quite a novel character as well as replete with novel matter. Written in the form of an autobiography, the principal individual thus exhibited is of curious combination. Monsieur Violet, whose European patronymic, by the bye, appears nowhere but on the title-page, is the son of a French gentleman of good descent, who, in the disordered times the disruptions of which dislodged Charles X. from his precarious throne, determined on emigration, and, having joined the fortunes of a Prince Seravalle, an Italian nobleman, with a little band of retainers, a couple of missionaries, and all needful requirements, having equipped a vessel, proceeded to find and form a new home in the western states of North America. This Prince Seravalle having been guilty of political offences in his youth, had been sentenced to ten years' banishment, during which he had rambled through the vast deserts of Central America, and had been kindly entertained by the Shoshones, a tribe of Indians inhabiting a portion of California, a large territory, extending from the Pacific towards the Rocky Mountains. Enamoured of the wild life of this people, and grateful for their hospitality, entertaining, also, projects for their educational improvement, Prince Seravalle and his companions determined upon casting their lot among them, while the father of our hero, having first travelled with his young son through some of the most stirring scenes of the old country, proceeded with him to the new. Amongst this people he became naturalized, and under the Indian name of Owato Wanisha we henceforth follow his fortunes, and curious and interesting they indeed are. The contrariety between his different conditions is striking, the cradle of his infancy being rocked in his paternal country, and that the most polished in the world, his boyhood spent in wandering through classic lands, his manhood naturalized among the Shoshone Indians. From such a variety in the impressions of his education, it is difficult to imagine what result might justly be expected; whether lingering longings after the refinements of civilization should prevail, or the keen appetite for the wild pleasures of unrestricted and unshackled freedom. There is a strange anomaly in this engrafting of an Indian character upon that of a polished European: the artificial seeming to be the natural, while retrogression into the natural assumes the semblance of the artificial. Cap-

tain Marryat's object, however, has not been so much to make us acquainted with the individual, as to command an interesting medium for conveying a great store of information respecting those tribes of Indians with which we are least familiar. Owato Wanisha is but the vehicle for conveying to us these innumerable details. The character and condition of the native tribes being the primary objects of illustration, are chiefly kept in view, and well and ably has Captain Marryat performed his pleasing labour. If there be a leaning to mercy's side in his delineations, it does but indicate the gentle judgment of philanthropy, and is in itself a persuasion to an imitative love and charity in those who read. Undoubtedly, the pre-eminence in vice belongs to the pre-eminent in civilization.

The genuineness of Captain Marryat's information rests upon his own authority, and we believe that we could have no better. Of the source from which it has been derived he contents us with a glance, simply telling us that the party from whose notes and memoranda he has compiled was his companion during its progress, thus affording him continuous explanation and illustration through his labour. And indeed the work bears inherent marks of having had its source from some eye-witness and sharer of what it brings before us, and, at the same time, offers its attestation that that witness is not Captain Marryat. The minutiae of the closest observation, such as not even the richest vein of invention or the most highly-taxed imagination could supply, prove that the work deals in realities—realities observed and garnered up by some sober-minded accurate beholder; but that beholder was not Captain Marryat we fully believe, inasmuch as it would have been impossible for him so far to have forgotten his own literary nature as to have restrained the frolic merriment of his pen in his descriptions. Glimpses of his racy vein we certainly catch, giving us confirmation of the veritable identity of his authorship, in the later portions of the work; but it is not until the hero, anxious to turn Liberator, and to gain the strength of union by combining the different tribes which claim descent from his own adopted one of the Shoshones, sets out on a mission to the Mormon leader, whose policy it has been to make alliances and treaties with the Indians, and, in the prosecution of this object, entering Texas, comes into contact with the anoma-

lous people there, that in the collision some flashes of this author's own natural spirit, scatter themselves through his later pages, to the real exhilaration of the work, which, not only as presenting us with a striking variety in our literature, but from its own interest and merit, will add to Captain Marryat's former reputation that of extension of talent and stability of character.

Culling from his pages, we shall present an admirable and interesting picture of the Shoshone Indians.

"The Shoshones, or Snake Indians, are a brave and numerous people, occupying a large and beautiful tract of country, five hundred and forty miles from east to west, and nearly three hundred miles from north to south. It lies betwixt 38° and 43° north latitude, and from long. 116° west of Greenwich to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, which there extend themselves to nearly the parallel of 125° west longitude. The land is rich and fertile, especially by the sides of numerous streams, where the soil is sometimes of a deep red colour, and at others entirely black. The aspect of this region is well diversified, and though the greatest part of it must be classified under the denomination of rolling prairies, yet woods are very abundant, principally near the rivers and in the low flat bottoms; while the general landscape is agreeably relieved from the monotony of too great uniformity by numerous mountains of fantastical shapes and appearance, entirely unconnected with each other, and all varying in the primitive matter of their conformation.

"Masses of native copper are found at almost every step, and betwixt two mountains which spread from east to west in the parallel of the rivers Buena Ventura and Calumet, there are rich beds of galena, even at two or three feet under ground; sulphur and magnesia appear plentiful in the northern districts; while in the sand of the creeks to the south, gold dust is occasionally collected by the Indians. The land is admirably watered by three noble streams—the Buena Ventura, the Calumet, and the *Nú elije sha wako*, or River of the Strangers, while twenty rivers of inferior size rush with noise and impetuosity from the mountains, until they enter the prairies, where they glide smoothly in long serpentine courses between banks covered with flowers and shaded by the thick foliage of the western magnolia. The plains, as I have said, are gently undulating, and

are covered with excellent natural pastures of moskito-grass, blue grass, and clover, in which innumerable herds of buffaloes and mustangs or wild horses, graze, except during the hunting season, in undisturbed security.

"The Shoshones are indubitably a very ancient people. It would be impossible to say how long they may have been settled on this portion of the continent. Their cast of features proves them to be of Asiatic origin, and their phraseology, elegant and full of metaphors, assumes all the graceful variety of the brightest pages of Saadi.

"A proof of their antiquity and foreign extraction is, that but few of their records and traditions are local; they refer to countries on the other side of the sea, countries where the summer is perpetual, the population numberless, and the cities composed of great palaces, like the Hindoo traditions, 'built by the good genii, long before the creation of man.'

"There is no doubt, indeed it is admitted by the other tribes, that the Shoshone is the parent tribe of the Cumanches, Arrapahoes, and Apaches—the Bedouins of the Mexican deserts. They all speak the same beautiful and harmonious language, have the same traditions; and indeed so recent have been their subdivisions, that they point out the exact periods by connecting them with the various events of Spanish inland conquest in the northern portion of Sonora.

"It is not my intention to dwell long upon speculative theory, but I must observe, that if any tradition is to be received with confidence, it must proceed from nations, or tribes, who have been *stationary*. That the northern continent of America was first peopled from Asia, there can be little doubt; and if so, it is but natural to suppose that those who first came over would settle upon the nearest and most suitable territory. The emigrants who, upon their landing, found themselves in such a climate and such a country as California, were not very likely to quit it in search of a better.

"That such was the case with the Shoshones, and that they are descended from the earliest emigrants, and that they have never quitted the settlement made by their ancestors, I have no doubt, for all their traditions confirm it.

"We must be cautious how we put faith in the remarks of missionaries and travellers, upon a race of people little known.

They seldom come in contact with the better and higher classes, who have all the information and knowledge; and it is only by becoming one of them, not one of their tribes, but one of their chiefs, and received into their aristocracy, that any correct intelligence can be obtained.

"Allow that a stranger was to arrive at Wapping or elsewhere, in Great Britain, and question those he met in such a locality as to the religion, laws, and history of the English, how unsatisfactory would be their replies; yet missionaries and travellers among these nations seldom obtain further access.

"It is therefore among the better classes of the Indians that we must search for records, traditions, and laws. As for their religion, no stranger will ever obtain possession of its tenets, unless he is cast among them in early life, and becomes one of them.

"Let missionaries say what they please in their reports to their societies, they make no converts to their faith, except the pretended ones of vagrant and vagabond drunkards, who are outcasts from their tribes.

"The traditions of the Shoshones fully bear out my opinion, that they were among the earliest of the Asiatic emigrants; they contain histories of subsequent emigrations, in which they had to fight hard to retain their lands; of the dispersion of the new emigrants to the north and south; of the increase of numbers, and breaking up of portions of the tribes, who travelled away to seek subsistence in the east.

"We find, as might be expected, that the traditions of the eastern tribes, collected as they have occasionally been previous to their extinction, are trifling and absurd; and why so? because, driven away to the east, and finding other tribes of Indians, who had been driven there before them, already settled there, they have immediately commenced a life of continual hostility and change of domicile. When people have thus been occupied for generations in continual warfare and change, it is but natural to suppose that in such a life of constant action, they have had no time to transmit their traditions, and that ultimately they have been lost to the tribe.

"We must then look for records in those quarters where the population has remained stationary for ages. It must be in the southwest of Oregon, and in the northern parts of Upper California and Sonora, that the philosopher must obtain the eventful history of vast warlike nations, of their rise and of

their fall. The western Apaches or the Shoshones, with their antiquities and ruins of departed glory, will unfold to the student's mind long pages of a thrilling interest, while in their metaphors and rich phraseology, the linguist, learned in Asiatic lore, will easily detect their ancient origin.

"It is remarkable to observe, how generally traditions and records will spread and be transmitted among nations destitute of the benefits of the art of printing. In Europe, the mass were certainly better acquainted with their ancient history before this great discovery than they are now in our own days, as traditions were then handed down from family to family; it was a duty, a sacred one, for a father to transmit them to his son, unadulterated, such, in fact, as he had received them from his ancestors. It is the same case with the Indians, who have remained stationary for a long period. It is in the long evenings of February, during the hunting season, that the elders of the tribe will reveal to the young warriors all the records of their history; and were a learned European to assist at one of these '*lectures upon antiquity*,' he would admit that, in harmony, eloquence, strength of argument, and deduction, the red-coloured orator could not easily be surpassed.

"The Shoshones have a clear and lucid recollection of the far countries whence they have emigrated. They do not allude to any particular period, but they must have been among the first comers, for they relate with great topographical accuracy all the bloody struggles they had to sustain against newer emigrants. Often beaten, they were never conquered, and have always occupied the ground which they had selected from the beginning.

"Unlike the great families of the Dahcotahs and Algonquins, who yet retain the predominant characteristics of the wandering nations of southwest Asia, the Shoshones seem to have been in all ages a nation warlike, though stationary. It is evident that they never were a wealthy people, nor possessed any great knowledge of the arts and sciences. Their records of a former country speak of rich mountainous districts, with balmy breezes, and trees covered with sweet and beautiful fruits; but when they mention large cities, palaces, temples, and gardens, it is always in reference to other nations, with whom they were constantly at war; and these traditions would induce us to believe

that they are descendants of the Manchoux Tartars.

"They have in their territory on both sides of the Buona Ventura river many magnificent remains of devastated cities; but although connected with a former period of their history, they were not erected by the Shoshones.

"The fountains, aqueducts, the heavy domes, and the long graceful obelisks, rising at the feet of massive pyramids, show indubitably the long presence of a highly civilized people; and the Shoshone's account of these mysterious relics may serve to philosophers as a key to the remarkable fact of thousands of similar ruins found everywhere upon the continent of America. The following is a description of events at a very remote period, which was related by an old Shoshone sage, in their evening encampment in the prairies, during the hunting season:—

"It is a long, long while! when the wild horses were unknown in the country, and when the buffalo alone ranged the vast prairies; then, huge and horrid monsters existed. The approaches of the mountains and forests were guarded by the evil spirits, while the sea-shore, tenanted by immense lizards, was often the scene of awful conflicts between man the eldest son of light, and the mighty children of gloom and darkness. Then, too, the land we now live in had another form; brilliant stones were found in the streams; the mountains had not yet vomited their burning bowels, and the great Master of Life was not angry with his red children.

"One summer, and it was a dreadful one, the moon (*i. e.* the sun) remained stationary for a long time; it was of a red blood colour, and gave neither night nor days. Takwantona, the spirit of evil, had conquered nature, and the sages of the Shoshones foresaw many dire calamities. The great *Medicines* declared that the country would soon be drowned in the blood of their nation. They prayed in vain, and offered without any success, two hundred of their fairest virgins in sacrifice on the altars of Takwantona. The evil spirit laughed, and answered to them with his destructive thunders. The earth was shaken and rent asunder; the waters ceased to flow in the rivers, and large streams of fire and burning sulphur rolled down from the mountains, bringing with them terror and death. How long it lasted none is living to say; and who

could? There stood the bleeding moon; 'twas neither light nor obscurity; how could man divide the time and the seasons? It may have been only the life of a worm; it may have been the long age of a snake.

"The struggle was fearful, but at last the good Master of Life broke his bonds. The sun shone again. It was too late! The Shoshones had been crushed and their heart had become small; they were poor, and had no dwellings; they were like the deer of the prairies, hunted by the hungry panther.

"And a strange and numerous people landed on the shores of the sea; they were rich and strong; they made the Shoshones their slaves, and built large cities, where they passed all their time. Ages passed: the Shoshones were squaws; they hunted for the mighty strangers; they were beasts, for they dragged wood and water to their great wigwams; they fished for them, and they themselves starved in the midst of plenty. Ages again passed: the Shoshones could bear no more; they ran away to the woods, to the mountains, and to the borders of the sea; and, lo! the great Father of Life smiled again upon them; the evil genii were all destroyed, and the monsters buried in the sands.

"They soon became strong, and great warriors; they attacked the strangers, destroyed their cities, and drove them, like buffaloes, far in the south, where the sun is always burning, and from whence they did never return.

"Since that time, the Shoshones have been a great people. Many, many times strangers arrived again; but being poor and few, they were easily compelled to go to the east and to the north, in the countries of the Crows, Flatheads, Wallah Wallahs, and Jal Alla Pujees' (the Calapooses).

"I have selected this tradition out of many, as, allowing for metaphor, it appears to be a very correct epitome of the history of the Shoshones in former times. The very circumstance of their acknowledging that they were, for a certain period, slaves to that race of people who built the cities, the ruins of which still attest their magnificence, is a strong proof of the outline being correct."

"The four tribes of Shoshones, Arrapahoes, Cumanches, and Appaches, never attempt, like the Dahcotah and Algonquin, and other tribes of the East, to surprise an enemy; they take his scalp, it is true, but

they take it in the broad day; neither will they ever murder the squaws, children, and old men, who may be left unprotected when the war parties are out. In fact, they are honourable and noble foes, sincere and trustworthy friends. In many points they have the uses of ancient chivalry among them, so much so as to induce me to surmise that they may have brought them over with them when they first took possession of the territory.

"Every warrior has his nephew, who is selected as his page; he performs the duty of a squire, in ancient knight errantry, takes charge of his horse, arms, and accoutrements; and he remains in his office until he is old enough to gain his own spurs. Hawking is also a favourite amusement, and the chiefs ride out with the falcon, or small eagle, on their wrist or shoulder.

"Even in their warfare, you often may imagine that you were among the knights of ancient days. An Arrapahoe and a Shoshone warrior, armed with a buckler and their long lances, will single out and challenge each other; they run a tilt, and as each has warded off the blow, and passed unhurt, they will courteously turn back and salute each other, as an acknowledgment of their enemy's bravery and skill. When these challenges take place, or indeed in any single combat without quarrel, none of these Indians will take advantage of possessing a superior weapon. If one has a rifle, and knows that his opponent has not, he will throw his rifle down, and only use the same weapon as his adversary.

"Every year, during the season dedicated to the performing of the religious ceremonies, premiums are given by the holy men and elders of the tribe to those among the young men who have the most distinguished themselves. The best warrior receives a feather of the black eagle; the most successful hunter obtains a robe of buffaloeskin, painted inside, and representing some of his most daring exploits; the most virtuous has for his share a coronet made either of gold or silver; and these premiums are suspended in their wigwams, as marks of honour, and handed down to their posterity. In fact, they become *écusson*, which ennobles a family.

"The Shoshone women, as well as the Apache and Arrapahoe, all of whom are of the Shoshone race, are very superior to the squaws of the Eastern Indians. They are

more graceful in their forms, and have more personal beauty. I cannot better describe them than by saying that they have more similitude to the Arabian women than any other race. They are very clean in their persons and in their lodges; and all their tribes having both male and female slaves, the Shoshone is not broken down by hard labour, as are the squaws of the eastern tribes; to their husbands they are most faithful, and I really believe that any attempt upon their chastity would prove unavailing. They ride as bravely as the men, and are very expert with the bow and arrow. I once saw a very beautiful little Shoshone girl, about ten years old, the daughter of a chief, when her horse was at full speed, kill, with bow and arrow, in the course of a minute or two, nine out of a flock of wild turkies which she was in chase of.

"Though women participate not in the deeper mysteries of religion, some of them are permitted to consecrate themselves to the divinity, and to make vows of chastity, as the vestals of Paganism, or the nuns of the Catholic convents. But there is no seclusion. They dress as *men*, covered with leather from head to foot, a painting of the sun on their breasts. These women are warriors, but never go out with the parties, remaining always behind to protect the villages. They also live alone, are dreaded, but not loved. The Indian hates any thing or any body that usurps power, or oversteps those bounds which appear to him as natural and proper, or who does not fulfil what he considers as their intended destiny.

"The fine evenings of summer are devoted, by the young Indian, to courtship. When he has made his choice, he communicates it to his parents, who take the business into their hands. Presents are carried to the door of the fair one's lodge; if they are not accepted, there is an end of the matter, and the swain must look somewhere else; if they are taken in, other presents are returned, as a token of agreement. These generally consist of objects of woman's workmanship, such as garters, belts, moccasins, &c.; then follows a meeting of the parents, which terminates by a speech from the girl's father, who mentions his daughter as the 'dove,' or 'lily,' or 'whisper of the breeze,' or any other pretty Indian name which may appertain to her. She has been a good daughter, she will be a dutiful wife; her blood is that of a warrior's; she will bear

noble children to her husband, and sing to them his great deeds, &c. &c. The marriage-day arrives at last; a meal of roots and fruit is prepared; all are present except the bridegroom, whose arms, saddles, and property are placed behind the fair one. The door of the lodge is open, its threshold lined with flowers; at sunset the young man presents himself, with great gravity of deportment. As soon as he has taken a seat near the girl, the guests begin eating, but in silence; but soon a signal is given by the mothers, each guest rises, preparatory to retiring. At that moment, the two lovers cross their hands, and the husband speaks for the first time interrogatively:—'Faithful to the lodge, faithful to the father, faithful to his children?' She answers softly: 'Faithful, ever faithful, in joy and in sorrow, in life and in death'—'*Penir, penir—asha, sartir nú cohta, lebeck nú tanin.*' It is the last formula—the ceremony is accomplished. This may seem very simple and ridiculous; to me it appeared almost sublime. Opinions depend upon habits and education."

From the Pictorial Times.

LEARNING AND THE LOON.

THERE are certain regions and places from whose very names the mind recoils with disgust and aversion. The mere mention of Saffron Hill and St. Giles's is suggestive of theft, drunkenness, squalor, and filth. In like manner, to talk of the Factory Districts, is to nauseate the hearer with a complication of misery and vice. As a step towards cleansing these Augean Stables, it has been of late proposed to send the schoolmaster among their younger inmates—to educate those unfortunate children—on the not very unreasonable presumption, that a knowledge of their duty and interest, of which hitherto they have been allowed to remain in dense ignorance, may possibly afford some help towards inducing them to pursue the one and to practise the other. Certainly, the hope is not unfounded which looks to that cultivation whereon depends the difference between the civilised man and the barbarian, as being likely to influence for the better those who, with intellect unformed and morals undeveloped, differ only in colour from an African savage, if their uncleanly habits allow even of that distinction.

In this country, the abolition of an abuse, the redress of a grievance, is never obtained

but by immense clamour. Even a common eye-sore is allowed to outrage the public taste till its repeated denunciation becomes tiresome. How long was the brick-work caricature of George the Fourth permitted to remain the general laughing-stock at King's Cross, till at length the very allusions to that standing joke began from their antiquity to be as great a nuisance as itself? It is because we are aware of the necessity of reiteration to the putting down of an evil, that we are induced to obtrude upon our readers, in spite of the information which they must already be in possession of, some fresh gleanings from the Report of the Factory Commissioners.

It will be seen, from the extracts which we shall make from that document, that, although, in the Factory Districts, something called Education exists, that something is, in the truest sense of the word, a perfect farce; albeit, perhaps, it works tragically enough.

Some of the so-called schools wherein this burlesque upon education is carried on, are private speculations, corresponding to the "Academies for Young Gentlemen," and "Establishments for Young Ladies," wherein a smattering of knowledge is imparted to the children of the middling classes; others are sectarian institutions; and others, again, are places of instruction, such as it is, provided by the factory masters. Of all these, which are the worst constituted, which most ridiculously fall short of their professed object, it would be difficult, and not very useful to determine.

The characteristics common to almost all these schools are, ignorance on the part of the teacher, unequalled but by his negligence, an utter negation of system, and a "plentiful lack" of books.

Of one of these respectable and efficient institutions the writer of the report in question says—

"The mill occupier called at the school to inspect the children, when, greatly to his surprise, he found the schoolmaster in a deep sleep, amid the unrestrained turmoil and uproar of the school; — kindly awoke him; but instead of the schoolmaster viewing it as an act of kindness, it appeared to be quite the reverse, for he at once remonstrated on the cruelty of such conduct."

Charity would fain hope that the slumbering pedagogue dreamt at least of labouring in his vocation; but we are grievously afraid that he did no such thing.

Of the quality of the instructors whom the

philanthropy of factory masters has provided for their infant drudges, the following is a fine specimen:—

"One report I have received describes a factory school as having for a teacher 'an old disabled soldier, who has been a comber, but has been long unable to work at his trade, from an injury done to his thumb. He now takes thirty-five factory children, and attends to some little mill work. The school-room connected with the mill is small and very filthy. When I entered the room I found three of the children employed at a winding machine, which has lately been introduced into the school-room, and one girl washing the floor; the remainder were set on benches, some with an old tattered testament on their knees, but more without. The old man has been able to write, as you will see by his attempt to sign his name to the certificate, but from age is now so nervous that he could not succeed.'"

Another guide to learning

"Teaches fifteen children, employed in the mill, in a small place about two yards square, boxed off from a throstle-room, in which he is overlooker. I could find no books: he states, 'the children cannot afford to provide them, and he has to teach from a few torn leaves, which are so dirty as to be scarcely legible.' The heat of the room is intolerable to any one unaccustomed to it, and the noise from the machinery so great that it was with difficulty I could hear any one speak."

If this is not the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, we know not what is. Cobbett's reading desk was a drum-head; but the "few torn leaves, so dirty as to be scarcely legible," would have puzzled even him. But to proceed:—

Another report says: "This man's wife is teacher in ordinary. The school is part of a small cottage, and contains two forms. The wife has been away three weeks; the husband is the engine tender. For these three weeks the husband has pretended to teach for the wife. Has no one to help him to mind the engine, which is forty yards from the school-room. Five boys were present. They said they had read one lesson of about half a page. The man himself was sweeping the room when I went in. First boy, ten years and a half, could not read a word of two syllables; second boy, twelve and a half, could hardly read words of one syllable; third boy, thirteen, reads imperfectly; fourth boy reads well; fifth boy not at all."

Clown, in a pantomime, setting up the trade of schoolmaster!

We had always considered that Mr. Dickens, in his exposition of the economy of Dotheboys Hall, had done the state some service; but we are sadly afraid that he has thereby furnished a hint of which advantage has been taken in the factories. Should "any thing happen" to the "disabled soldier," or to some other one of the blind leaders of the blind who at present play the preceptor at those establishments, we would advise Mr. Squeers, if he has returned from Australia, to become a candidate for the vacant place.

From the Colonial Magazine.

THE DOWNFALL OF SPAIN AND HER COLONIES.

A WARNING TO GREAT BRITAIN.

"INDIVIDUALS always become wiser by experience—nations seldom:" this truth seems deplorably illustrated by the apathy of our rulers, while Spain lies prostrate before them at this moment, from the adoption of the impolicy we are pursuing. Those who have heard the voice of discord and mischief echoing round the land, have gathered dying sounds of such import as these—"The landed interests must be protected—the home-trade must be promoted—the colonies are a curse and an incubus on the peaceful slumbers of Old England—the system of international exchange is ruin—the energy and enterprise of the people are fully equal to further burdens." The selfish, heartless, or ignorant originators of these baleful precepts are not as completely concealed from view as they would wish, nor are the sinister ends for which such maxims are propounded unobserved by their victims. All are now pretty well agreed that the phrase "home-trade" is a misnomer; and as to home-barter, that species of trading can produce no increase to our national wealth, nor supply the means of satisfying the rapacity of those legions of hungry and useless placemen both at home and in the colonies. Our rulers, either from wilful perversion or lamentable ignorance, pass by the fact, that without imports our exports must cease and determine, the loud-lauded home-trade gradually expire, and the whole frame of society become disorganized. These obvious truths

suggest themselves to us at this moment more prominently from a contemplation of the calamities inflicted upon Old Spain by similar false doctrines, by laws equally selfish, *classish*, and unnatural—laws tending to prohibit man from the enjoyment of those blessings which the Almighty has placed within his reach. These heaven-sent bounties are so beneficently disposed and diversified, that the quarters of the globe may be invited to exchange their productions with each other, and thus, by mutual intercourse and interests, civilization be promoted—unity, peace, and good-will established—and the most enterprising and industrious be the best rewarded.

The possibility of such a course none have the hardihood to deny, but the expediency is resisted by the wicked and self-interested. Surely it cannot be expedient to heap coals of fire on a conflagration destructively raging, or throw water over a drowning man; neither can it be necessary to maintain the most prodigal political establishment, to sustain artificial positions, and interests unduly created, during the reign of war and folly, and all this by resources wrung from a people sinking under the loss of a once flourishing commerce, and almost bursting into rebellion from the severity of taxation.

Spain is now held together more by the compression of surrounding interests, than by the attraction of cohesion. Weak and friendless, imbued with the infirmities of old age without its wisdom, with the misery of misfortune without its experience, she stands at the gate of the grave-yard of nations, without the power to avert the doom that awaits her. Buried she soon must be; the principle of vitality which she possesses is not strong enough to hold her in her orbit for another cycle; she has fallen into that last lethargy from which but few awake; and when once stretched out in full in that venerable mausoleum which history will place over her remains, the emblems of her sovereignty, the successive indices of her rise, her decline, her fall, will present a lesson over which it will be well for her successors to ponder. There were no indigent seeds of disease, which, in their appointed time, eat away her strength and destroyed her vitality. With a climate most lovely and fruitful—with a country most beautiful and diversified—with riches inexhaustible—with colonies which covered in

their nets once a whole hemisphere—she was endowed, when Charles V. resigned the imperial crown, with every blessing that could insure her prosperity and prolong her existence. Her blessings she has made unto herself curses. Her population has weltered away in the halo of the most benignant atmosphere in the whole world; her soldiers have lost their courage with their ambition; her colonies have dropped off, not because, as ripe fruit, they no longer needed the parent sap, but because the stem or trunk committed unnatural exactions, extortions, and restrictions against the laws of nature; her territory has been pared away by the surrounding powers, till little is left but the inferior core; and from the first among the leading nations of Europe, she has become the last.

Queen Maria Isabella II. was left in September, 1833, in the third year of her age, the infant monarch of a country, whose scattered elements were losing, by the disasters of civil war, the little that remained from the ruin of foreign invasion and intrigue.

I have said that the fall of Spain is to be attributed not to inherent debility, or internal disease. To what, in fact, it is to be attributed, is my object in the succeeding pages to exhibit. The loss of her territories, both European and colonial, the destruction of her commerce, and the prostration of her people, were all produced by monopolies, prohibitions, excessive fiscal duties, and intolerable harbour dues—isolating herself and colonies from intercourse with the other nations of the world. Instead of encouraging agriculture, grazing, and mining—those rich native resources with which nature had provided her, and a people adapted to and steadily practising them, thereby supplying from her own resources the materials of exchange and trade—she diverted the legitimate energies and industry of her people into a false trade, which she could not herself supply or support; and, by stopping the freedom of international exchange, she not only shut out the materials they required, but choked the channels of her own productions; and, when too late, she discovered that other nations were superseding and doing without her, and would not send to her ports empty ships, subjected to heavy exactions, and to pay in gold and silver for luxurious manufactures only, and her white wine.

1. *Agriculture*.—If the reports of geographers can be taken as correct, only one-tenth part of the Spanish soil is now subjected to the plough. Such does not always appear to have been the case. Miguel Osorio y Redin, who wrote in the last half of the seventeenth century, estimates one-half of the Pyrenean peninsula as cultivated; and of that half, two-thirds at least of the highest value. The more accurate investigations of the Junta de Medios rate the superficial area of Spain at 104,197,720 fanegados, of which the following estimate is reported :

	Fanegados.	Acres.
Cultivated land	55,000,000	60,000,000
Meadow land	15,000,000	16,000,000
Fallow land	13,000,000	14,000,000
Irredeemable land	4,000,000	4,200,000
Swamp and alluvial land	17,197,720	18,500,000
Total	104,197,720	112,700,000

According to the materials laid before the cortes, the cultivated land at the time of the French invasion, was thus divided—

	Fanegados.	Acres.
The nobility more than one-half	28,306,700	30,500,000
The clergy one-sixth	9,093,400	10,000,000
The commune of the cities, and a few of the citizens, about one-third	17,599,900	19,500,000
Total	55,000,000	60,000,000

In agricultural success, Valentia stands above the remaining provinces, and is exempted, by the blessings she has thus received, from poverty, which would otherwise be universal. She produces, far beyond her wants, rice, corn, oil, and fruits. Granada and Andalusia are more peculiarly adapted for fruits, wine, and the cultivation of the olive, and the interior provinces to the raising and grazing of live stock, producing no more grain than is necessary for the most meagre consumption. In the northern provinces where the climate forbids the growth of the olive and the rich fruits of the south, the increased ratio of the population requires a far greater consumption of corn and the coarser grains. By the stimulus thus afforded, agriculture within their limits has been forced to a much higher pitch than it would otherwise have attained; and were it not for the oppressive excise which has been adopted through the whole kingdom, as well as for the total want of internal improvements,

the north of Spain might have become the granary of the south of Europe.

The relations which might thus have been created, have been reversed. Neglected even more by the hand of man than blessed by the hand of heaven, the districts of Galicia, of Asturia, of Biscay, of Leon, of Arragon, and of Catalonia, capable from nature of the production of an illimitable harvest, have depended on France, on Barbary, and on Sicily, for the ordinary necessities of life. In the north of Spain, and in the central provinces, the chief implements of agriculture, where the soil permits, are oxen and the plough; although in Laja the enterprise of the inhabitants has not devised any thing more commodious than the naked hand of the farmer himself. The harvest takes place usually in the last half of June; the corn is left lying on the fields for weeks, until it can be trodden out by the feet of men or of mules. The straw is suffered to remain on the fields, and the grain itself is carelessly stowed away in rough outhouses, or in caves.

The principal productions of the upper provinces are wheat, rice, Indian corn, millet, barley, (both of which are used for fodder,) pease, and beans. According to the census of 1799, the number of inhabitants amounted to 10,380,000, and the average yearly consumption of bread-stuffs to 51,860,000 fanegas, or 81,880,000 bushels; while the average yearly importation of bread-stuffs amounted to 1,000,000 fanegas, or 1,600,000 bushels. Since 1799, the average ratio of the production of corn has been a little greater, not on account of the increased activity of the people at large, but on account of the transfer of labour from sheep-raising to other occupations.

The cultivation of the grape is the branch of industry most suitable to the climate and soil of Spain; and though in the provinces of Granada, Andalusia, Valencia, La Mancha, and Catalonia alone it is entirely successful, it is spread to a considerable extent over the whole kingdom. In consequence of the wonderful uniformity of successive seasons, there is less fluctuation in the vine crops in the south of Spain, than in any other part of Europe.

Into the remaining articles of production it is not necessary for us to inquire. They none of them leave margin for foreign exportation; and but few of them are sufficient for domestic demand.

2. *Grazing*.—The operations of grazing

are now regarded by the Spaniards with indifference, even greater than those of agriculture. Every year has witnessed the diminution of those great flocks of sheep which were spread once over the whole peninsula; and there is every probability to believe, that in a few years more the species will, in that country, be extinct.

In the middle ages there was no branch of industry more profitable to Spain than the trade in horses. Since the opening of the last century, however, so great has been the encroachments by the race of mules upon their more generous predecessors, and so great the devastation from Napoleon's Spanish campaigns, that the authorities of Andalusia were obliged to offer a considerable bounty for the culture of a breed which had once been distinguished for its beauty and numbers.

Still greater, however, has been the depreciation of a staple which was once the richest and most certain in the south of Europe. There was a time when the wool of the merino sheep commanded a price almost inestimable. It was not long before the inquiries of the surrounding states were awakened as to the permanency of so great a monopoly; and after several attempts to ennoble the native breeds of the north of Europe, by grafting them with their more favoured rivals, the invading armies of France, as they recrossed the Pyrenees, managed to carry back with them a portion of the original race in person. So great had been the increase before the invasion, that at the opening of the eighteenth century the numbers of sheep in Spain were estimated at from ten to twelve millions; one-half of them alone were merinos, which, on account of their great tenderness and susceptibility, were carried twice a year from their summer residence in the stony and exposed mountains of Old Castile, Leon, and Arragonia, to the soft and lovely meadows of Granada and Andalusia, where they passed the winter months. By a royal edict, fences were to be removed from all sections through which they were to pass; and by a species of protection, therefore, which is more simple though not more effectual than those now in use, the agricultural interests were prostrated at the feet of the manufacturing.

Had the transfer of capital thus stimulated not been carried into effect—had the labourers paid less attention to their sheep and more to their land—it is not probable that

their century-collected wealth would have been driven off in the van of a French foraging guard.

So costly has become the keeping of the remnant of the ancient flock, so successfully has the merino wool been rivalled in other countries, that in some seasons the produce of single herds has been less in amount by twenty per cent. than the sum taken to insure it. The yearly exports to Great Britain of wool have fallen, in the course of the present century, one-half in their value.

3. *Mining*.—In times long gone, the mines of Spain were famous beyond all of the then civilized world. Even as late as the middle ages, the mines continued to be worked with activity and regularity; and though the success was not as great as formerly, workmen were collected from all parts of the continent, and the returns were such as to richly remunerate labour of any kind whatever. But the discovery of America, and the opening of the rich and unworked veins which threaded the surface of the new continent, dissipated at once the energies of the native miners. Scarcely in a single province were the old works carried on; and even in those which were still in operation, the profits were found to be less than the cost.

In 1535, Charles I., inspired by that same spirit of false benevolence which prompted his family to destroy the industry of Spain under pretence of protecting it, issued an edict, which, after stating the mines of America to afford a more profitable investment than those of the old country, forbade peremptorily the working of the latter as unnecessary. It was not until the eighteenth century that the damper was removed; and then, when at last at Cazalla, at Constantina, on Sierra Morena, and at Guadalcal, in Estremadura, the old works were opened, the enterprise failed for want both of impulsive energy and of permanent support from demand.

Among the coarser metals, lead has been the most profitably produced. Till the time of Ferdinand VII. the whole business was a monopoly in the hands of the crown; and so great was the rise in the produce of the works when, in 1820, the monopoly was lifted off, that the income was increased in three years fifteen-fold. The price of lead was depressed from forty to fifty per cent.; but even at the low price to which it had then fallen, the revenue yielded to the government amounted to three million dollars.

The next most important mineral production of Spain is quicksilver. The richest mine is at Almada, in the province of Mancha, (Ciudad-Real,) which since its severance from the government, has been worked with zeal and success. Under Charles III. and Charles IV. the highest annual product was 18,000 cwt.; and at present, notwithstanding the separation of the American colonies, where quicksilver was of indispensable use in the gold and silver mines, the value produced is averaged at 22,000 cwt. The amount of the quicksilver exported is estimated at eight hundred thousand dollars, of which one-fourth is sent to England.

In the middle ages, the domestic industry of Spain was principally oriental. From along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, the Arabs had drawn the rude and primary manufactures of those days. The chief staples were produced by Moorish industry alone; the Moors were the most active workmen; and great was the discomfiture to the consumers both of Spain and of the north of Europe, when, through the wars between Castile and Granada, both manufactures and manufacturers were driven from the land.

From the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, the fall of Spanish manufactures is to be dated. Even during the flush created in the reign of Charles V. and Philip II., but little impetus was given to the principal branches of Spanish industry; and it is to be questioned whether the splendid schemes of conquest in which those two great monarchs were perpetually engaged—whether the rich and romantic adventures opened by the discovery of the New World—whether the spirit of unbending chivalry exhaled by the court and imbibed by the people, did not combine to instil into the minds of the community a contempt for work, which has been a chief ingredient in their subsequent prostration. Don Quixotte would have fought a windmill in the lists, but he never would have submitted to have worked it in the fields; and it was because the Spanish people, like their great hero and personification, made war against every species of industry in detail, that industry itself took flight from the Spanish peninsula.

The inferiority of Spanish manufactures was in a small degree removed by the alliance with France, brought about by the accession of the Bourbon family. It is true, a fresh demand was made for the introduction of French and English staples, but at

the same time efforts were entered into for the establishment of national manufactures.

In the reign of Charles III. labourers were brought into the country from France, Germany, and the Netherlands, in order to stimulate the production of woollen, linen, and paper. The attempt was unsuccessful, not because the newly-imported workmen were inefficient, but because they were persecuted.

Under the reign of Charles IV. still greater obstructions followed from the blockade, by the British fleet, of the principal Spanish ports; and the state of industry was not much bettered under the short supremacy of the Napoleon family, as, whatever might have been the intention of Joseph, the country was too much occupied with repelling invasion to be able to perform its domestic duties. By the census of 1803 the yearly value of the manufactures was placed at 1,152,650,707 rials. No sooner were the Bourbons restored than they set to the great work of protecting Spanish industry, with a vigour, which, if it had been placed by wisdom, might have restored for a time the rapid decline of their heritage. An embargo was at once laid down on the egress of gold and the ingress of manufactures; and so heavy, so exhausting was the tariff imposed, that if it had not been ridiculously inoperative through the smuggling facilities of the Spanish coast, it would have sequestered Spain for the time being from the rest of the commercial world.

Wool.—The wool manufactures are by no means commensurate, in quantity or in quality, to the raw article as it is produced in the surrounding country. The finest wool is sent abroad, and even of that which remains not more than one-half is made up by domestic labour. So inefficient are the Spanish manufacturers, that, notwithstanding the cost of importation and the enormous tariff imposed—notwithstanding the fact that there are labourers in plenty on the very spot where the wool is produced—the balance against Spain in the article of woollen goods alone, amounts to 700,000 dollars. The average yearly value of the woollen productions of Spain was placed in 1803 at 123,091,848 rials, or about 15,373,980 dollars. The proper value amounts now to about 8,000,000 dollars, or about one-ninth of the entire produce of Spain.

Cotton.—The cotton manufactures are the youngest in Spain, and are even more in-

efficient than those of wool, as the balance against them and in favour of those of France and Great Britain, is as great as 4,000,000 dollars. The average produce of the cotton manufactures is placed at 48,168,098 rials, or 6,021,012 dollars.

Linen.—The quantity of linen manufactured in Spain falls as the demand for it increases. The average produce is now placed at 192,853,413 rials, or about 22,731,600 dollars, though the estimate is based upon reports so exaggerated as to deprive them of implicit credence. It is unnecessary to enter at large upon the long though feeble catalogue of Spanish manufactures. In that long period of time which has intervened between the death of Charles V. and the succession of Maria Isabella, every specific article of production has been in turn patronized; and, while the most exorbitant bounties were offered to the home-manufacturer, the most exclusive duties were thundered against those of foreign states. A net was hung over the Spanish ports, which intercepted whatever might savour of competition; and, before a century elapsed, the commerce of the realm was dead, and the manufactures in premature old age. So impoverished, had the people become, from their deprivation of the commonest foreign conveniences, and confinement to branches of labour to which neither their constitutions nor their climate was suitable, that they have sunk down into a state of degradation and beggary.

Washed through almost her whole boundary by the two great seas of the Old World; pierced through her whole coast with harbours the most commodious and accessible—Spain possesses facilities for a commerce unsurpassed by those of any of the surrounding European nations. To the east and south-east, she forms the gateway to the commerce of those great regions which are spread beyond the Atlantic Ocean; and, so vast are the advantages as a carrying nation that this position gives her, that, had she not stood with her arms folded during the struggle which has gone on among her neighbours during the last century, she might have swept into her bosom, by the very passive tendency of gravitation, a large portion of the trade carried onward through the Mediterranean. Not a ship does she send out from her spacious ports, except on the most urgent domestic necessity; and, so great has been her fall, that from being once the most opulent of European traders, she has now to resort

to her rivals to enable her to procure, through their bottoms, the most simple articles of home-consumption.

The external trade of Spain is now limited very much to her few remaining American provinces. The following tables exhibit both her colonial and her foreign trade, towards the close of the last century:—

1788. Imports to the American Colonies from Spain, Rials, 500,000,000 = \$62,000,000.

1788. Exports from the American Colonies to Spain, Rials, 800,000,000 = \$100,000,000.

For the same period, the trade with all the European nations together, is stated to be—

EXPORTS.

1787	178,000,000 rials, or	\$22,000,000
1788	295,456,178 "	\$36,900,000
1789	289,900,000 "	\$36,200,000
1792	396,000,000 "	\$49,400,000

IMPORTS.

1787	642,000,000 rials, or	\$80,200,000
1788	695,456,178 "	\$82,000,000
1789	717,379,388 "	\$89,800,000
1792	715,000,000 "	\$89,400,000

The commercial alliance between France and Spain, by the peace of Basle and the treaty of Ildefonso (1796), brought considerable disadvantage to the Spanish shipping. The hostilities which followed, drove the Spanish ships from the high seas; the Spanish navy was annihilated; the Spanish commerce was destroyed; and, when Spain, on the return of peace, attempted to recover her old footing, she found the South American trade wholly occupied by Great Britain and the United States. The whole exports of Spain, colonial and foreign, had fallen, in 1808, to 20,000,000 dollars, a loss of near four hundred per cent.; while so great was the drain of wealth caused by the disproportion of the counterbalancing imports, that the country was impoverished and involved.

The restoration of the Bourbons worked no benefit to the Spanish trade. The American colonies were lost irrevocably; the trade with them, as dependents, was for ever gone; and the mother-country, instead of seeking, as had been the case with both England and France, under similar circumstances, to establish new and profitable commercial treaties, laid an embargo between herself and her revolted subjects, which cut off the remaining avenue of her wealth.

Unable as we are, through the inefficiency of the government, and the confusion of the realm, to collect an adequate notion of the

present state of her trade, we can judge, by taking the rough, though large estimate of twenty-five millions of dollars as its value, of how great the fall has been since the days which preceded the French Revolution. Both her imports and her exports are now of the same amount; as that ancient fund of gold, which once made up the deficiency, has been long since exhausted. The wholesale business is almost limited to the hands of English dealers, in the more accessible of the Spanish ports; and it is said, that through the whole kingdom there is scarcely a large Spanish importing-house of respectability.

The colonial trade of Spain is the last remnant of her once splendid maritime sovereignty. The estimated value of the united exports and imports of the island of Cuba, in 1833 and 1834, averaged over 33,750 piasters, or 50,000,000 dollars, of which one-fourth was connected with the United States, one-seventh to Great Britain, one-seventh to the Hanseatic Towns, one-twentieth to France and Russia, and the remainder to Spain.

To enter further into the commerce of Spain, is not our purpose. A ruin it is of what was once a vast and splendid edifice; and the dimensions of the fragments which are strewed around, are of more importance to the antiquary than to the merchant. It is on such a spot, however, that the political economist—leaning on the shaft of some broken column, with his eye fixed on the rich and lovely landscape around him, with a climate most benignant and equal, with a soil most fertile and various—may inquire into the causes which brought about destruction so rapid and unsparing. The next generation will read of Spanish galleons, and Spanish three-deckers, and will wonder where was the wealth that required such huge protection, or the strength that afforded it. The epitaph of Spain, as a commercial nation, should be written for the use of those who may wander over the ruins among which she lies; and well will it be for her rivals and successors if they improve the experience she affords, before it is brought home to them by their own misfortunes.

So disordered, so exhausted, are the finances of Spain, that it will require more than ten years of peace and prosperity to discharge the debts with which they are loaded, and to redeem the obligations it has incurred. According to official statement, the debt in July, 1840, consisted of foreign and domestic loans, bearing interest of from four

to five per cent, amounting to 5,419,748,553 rials, or 677,331,069 dollars; and of loans bearing no interest, amounting to 12,429,883,323 rials, or 1,553,729,165 dollars; of which 9,533,144,347 rials were vested in domestic active funds, and 461,604,947 rials in domestic passive funds. The whole amount of the Spanish debt is rated at 17,849,581,905 rials, or about 2,231,190,000 dollars. As the necessities of the government have increased, the means of satisfying them have diminished; and it is now a fact, which is perhaps without example among debt-incurring nations, that the deficit of each year is equal to its income! According to the budget of 1839, the gross income amounted to 837,974,785 rials; while the expenses of the same year reached 1,556,094,191 rials. In 1840, the expenses of the state had risen to 1,690,298,172 rials, or 211,274,771 dollars; being more than twice the revenue for the same year.

It will be seen by a general review of the preceding pages, that the territory of Spain has been dismembered; her colonies torn away; her credit broken; her wealth dissipated; and her prosperity destroyed. We believe the cause of so great, so melancholy a fall, is to be traced to her own commercial legislation. She has, from the beginning of her history as an independent nation, aimed at the one great object of commercial isolation; and though her facilities for production have been vast, and her means of transportation unlimited, she has destroyed her trade; she has cut off the supplies of her inhabitants, and rendered useless her industry, by a system of prohibition which has thrown her back three centuries in civilization.

The object of the Spanish tariff is not revenue, but protection; and it stands forth as the most tangible instance in commercial history of that system of unequal legislation, which, for the sake of fostering one-tenth of the community, destroys the remainder, and ultimately itself. We shall conclude this article by inquiring briefly what have been the legitimate results of the Spanish tariff—first on the manufactures, and secondly on the trade of the kingdom.

It was for the manufactures alone that the system was devised. Rise they should; and though for many of them the country was highly unsuitable—though in order to support most of them, labourers were to be drawn from objects far more congenial and lucrative—they were to be forced upwards by every stimulant of hot-bed growth which

the ingenuity of the master-gardener could devise; and while the portcullis of a high tariff was let down to prevent foreign competition, every aid which government could afford was tendered to the manufacturing interests. The result has been told. The gist of commerce is reciprocity; and so long as foreign countries had been allowed to exchange their manufactures for Spanish wine and wool, the people on both sides had been supplied, not only with enough of their own products, but enough of their neighbour's, and the whole vast machinery worked with ease. But scarcely had the protective system gone into operation before the wine-growing and the grazing interests dwindled, and the manufacturers started up to extraordinary splendour. For a while they retained their luxuriance; but before the time of what would otherwise have been their maturity had arrived, they melted away under the hot sun of that same tariff which had first forced them into life, and are now capable of little else than of producing the coarsest articles at a cost so enormous, that nothing but the greatest duties can carry them to the market.

Their fate can easily be explained. When the first tariff was laid, a change of labour took place. The labourer was incited to leave the plough, the vine, and the mine, and to enlist himself in the liveried ranks of the manufacturers. Foreign goods were raised to treble their old cost, and it became cheaper to manufacture something of the same description at home. Foreign nations were still in want of Spanish wool and Spanish wine; but as they could no longer send manufactures in return, they were obliged to buy up the precious metals, and send them to Spain in return. There was soon a great influx of bullion to the Spanish ports. Greatly as the agricultural interests had suffered, the foreign demand for their staples was still considerable; and as nothing like a fair exchange was permitted, whenever a tun of wine or a bale of wool left Spain, it was paid for by the solid specie at which it was valued. The manufacturers became rapidly rich from the constant current of gold to their coffers; and as they became richer, the price of labour rose, and the cost of producing the home article increased in proportion. At first two hundred per cent. was enough to exclude most foreign manufacturers from the market; but as through the glut of gold in the manufacturing interests, and through the security and indifference into which the man-

ufacturers were thrown, domestic manufactures became both coarser and dearer, a tariff still heavier than the last was demanded and passed. Generation after generation fresh duties were asked. As soon as the manufacturers were in danger of being undersold, they obtained another layer of duties, and again the same old process went on; domestic goods rose in value—labour went up still higher—and huge as the tariff had already become, in a little while another still higher was demanded.

To such a progression, however, there must always be an end; and the protected interests found, that after going up stairs step after step for a time, they had come to a pitch where they could get no higher,—and when the level of protection had been reached, beyond which it was impossible to go, they sunk back at once into their original imbecility.

If the protective system has been injurious to the manufacturing interests of Spain, it has been still more so to her commerce. Her shipping it has utterly destroyed. Duties of from fifty to one hundred per cent. provocative of high retaliatory duties from other countries, have been laid for more than two centuries on foreign ships and cargoes on their arrival at Spanish ports. So entirely have the exporting interests been destroyed, that there is little to carry out of the country, and still less that is allowed to come in, and in consequence every thing like shipping has ceased to exist. Vineyards, once fruitful, have been deserted; mines, once ponderous with the most precious metals, have become clogged and choked by the rubbish of generations; manufactories, where the Moor and the reformed Christian had once produced fabrics the most beautiful in Europe, have become silent; and a few casks of wine, with a few barrels of grapes, are the residuary legatees of the commerce of the Spanish peninsula.

That the destruction of the producing interests of Spain was a necessary result of her protective system, is obvious. The essence of trade, we have said already, is its reciprocity: and when Spain refused to take the staples of foreign nations, they were made incapable of taking hers in return. With the one article of wool in her hands, she was able to buy from the neighbouring countries the productions most suitable to their respective climates. The hemp and the tallow of Russia, the silks of France, the cotton goods of England, the neat wood-work of the Ger-

man States, she was able to buy, through the superabundance of one of her staples alone. The moment she refused to receive the produce of foreign countries, she stopped the demand for her own.

Spain has fallen; and the great, the only cause of her fall, is the interference of her government in the domestic affairs of her people. No scope was allowed to the oscillations of free will. That natural cycloid, in the arc of which the human mind, when unrestrained, must swing, was narrowed down till the pendulum fell into a rest from which it could never since be startled. The strong hand of the government spanned itself over the labourers who were toiling quietly and and fruitfully in their familiar vineyards and pastures, and after tearing them away from their ancient pursuits, fastened them down at manufactures, which they could neither like nor understand. Spain, from being the most mighty among European powers, lost both her strength and her name.

It will not be out of place for us to consider, in conclusion, the close connexion that exists between unrestricted commerce and popular liberty. Even were it to be admitted, that a system which chokes up one channel of industry in order that it may let the tide into another—which transplants labour from a soil where it has flourished, into a soil where its roots find no home—which scourges the seller from a dear market to a cheap market, and the buyer from a cheap market to a dear market, in order that it may follow out some wild theories it has formed in the ignorance of sequestration—even were it to be admitted, we say, that such a system is reconcilable with the personal liberty of the subject, there are considerations which arise from the result itself of restricted trade, which show how injurious it is to the comfort and competency of the people. Just in proportion as barriers are let down against the free interchange of the staples of neighbouring nations, in that very proportion has misery and want existed. Our once enormous and numerous sugar-refineries have, by the ignorant and selfish obstinacy of the government, been driven entirely out of existence in England; the manufacturers of Manchester, of Paisley, of Sheffield, of Birmingham, are starving among the looms, the shuttles, the gay calicoes, and the fine cloths of their workshops; where, with their self-respect gone, their power of self-support gone, their identity blotted out, their names scratched from the list of independent agents, they fall

back into a state of torpor, which is only relieved by the occasional ebullition of despair. Children, misshapen and nerveless, imbued with the helplessness of childhood, without its thoughtlessness, with their foreheads wrinkled with anxiety and premature care; men and women in middle age, so worn down with the monotonous repetition of one little workhouse motion, that they drag out years of equal poverty without the power of change, or the capacity of hoping; old men, who are old in body more than in years, and who sink down into the earth without that glorious hope which the gospel holds out to the meanest among men, because their minds have become so emasculated, through oppression and want, that the heart has failed in its office of faith before the fountains within it have ceased to beat.

Such is equally the condition of our agricultural labourers; debased, famished, and demoralized; their employers, the farmers, once the proud yeomen of England, now broken alike in spirit and in fortune. And the proud lords of the soil, the very men for whose benefit the most intricate reticulation of prohibitory duties on record has been woven, find themselves verging on insolvency, from having exhausted their tenantry by delusive protective laws, pretended to be for their benefit, but in reality for the purpose of inciting them and others to try and force, by undue means, an artificial-priced produce from barren and unproductive lands, in a climate equally ungenial.

The same picture is presented from our iron and coal districts; dear food and export-duties prostrating them. Our shipping is lying idle and declining, from the same causes. No more conclusive proof can be adduced than the statistical account (in the October number of this Magazine,) of the American whaling-vessels, which have *risen up*, since 1815, to 650 sail; whilst the like class in the United Kingdom have decreased to under 50 sail.

These are the results of attempting to legislate against the designs of the Creator; of interrupting communication between nation and nation, and preventing the free interchange and use of their respective productions. England's locality, her natural products, her manufactures, her shipping, all point her out for a commercial nation; and, to prevent her fall, like that of Spain, all export-duties must be totally abolished; those of import on raw materials for purposes of manufacture subjected but to a nominal duty; whilst staple

articles for the food of man should be wholly free. To accomplish this desideratum, the present profligate state expenditure, pensions, and places must be reduced; and, by paring the latter down (one half only,) the object may be accomplished. To this, and to National Colonization, *must* Great Britain, sooner or later, resort, or fall she will, as Spain has done before her.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

REMINISCENCES OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

THE FOOTSTEP.

I THINK there is one particular period in the life of every man to which he can look back as the most miserable he has ever seen, a point to which there was in his affairs a regular descent, and which passed, there has been a progressive ascent again—the ebb as it were in the tide of his fortunes. This crisis was very marked in my case, and I rejoice to think that it happened in my youth, for I have seen it occur in old age. Misfortunes of every kind were heaped upon me—sudden poverty struck me and my aged and only parent, and I saw no prospect but wretchedness.

“Now then,” thought I, “all my dreams of honourable independence, nay, of scientific distinction in the world, are dashed to the ground and I must forego those darling studies and pursuits in which my hopes were bound up, to go out and earn with toil of body and heaviness of spirit, the bread of sorrow for myself and the one who has none but Heaven and me to depend on. Or must I leave this dear land, of which my very heart seems part and parcel, and go to scrape gold from among the sun-scorched sands of fever-guarded climes?”

The friends of prosperity forsook me and I skulked on the shady side of the street, whilst they strutted in the sun and contemptuously looked the other way. Nay, my own relations no longer received me with common kindness; the very bread I ate, which came from them, was given with a grudge, felt and shown if not expressed, and many a taunt was flung at the fool that had aimed at a rank for which by nature and fortune he was totally unfit, and had miserably failed—of course.

All this was bitter—bitter! I felt it cut into my very soul—moreover, I was smitten

with a severe and prostrating illness, from a wound received in dissection, and was now but slowly recovering comparative health.

A friend I had too—ours was a schoolboy friendship—he was my most intimate companion—my more than brother—with whom I had lodged, studied, and grown up to manhood—in whom I had placed more confidence than in any other being—from whom I had no hope or purpose concealed—bright prospects were opening before him, and in my distress (alas! for love without his wings!) this friend forsook me and laughed and gloried in the act—he called it “cutting the connexion.”

But all this I thought I could bear up against, and I did so, hoping with patience and self-denial to surmount my difficulties, at least to fall before them, disputing every inch of ground, and returning to all scorn for scorn.

But the hand of fate was heavy on me. Another visitation came and crushed my spirit utterly. I bowed to the dust before it, and became as those who have no hope.

There was one I loved, and she was fair—oh, how very fair!—do not doubt this from the fact that she doted on a being so uncouth as I am. She was the centre to which all my thoughts did gravitate—the golden evening to the morrow of my hopes.

I never loved another, and when love arises in a mind like mine it is more than a sentiment or a passion—it is something else which mental philosophers have not classified or found a name for—never having experienced it, and of course ignorant of its existence.

We had known each other long, our ages differed but in a few months, and our dispositions harmonized most closely. It is not to be believed, I know, but it is true that never in our long intimacy did one word of ill humour pass between us; for she was one whom no one could find it in his heart to vex—a soft, mild creature, gentle as the lapse of streams. And while her mind was of strength to appreciate the nature and value of my studies, and the zeal with which I pursued them, yet with all the diffidence and all the amiability of her sex, she was eminently adorned—kindness and pity hung around her in a palpable grace, and her sweet, quiet laugh, made the hearer’s heart dance in his bosom.

Ours was not that passion which leads to evil. It seemed to consist of a soul-engross-

ing desire for each other's good, and a feeling of unspeakable rapture in each other's society. In me it acted as a kind of conscience, for no bad thought, no malice, envy, or hatred, durst arise in my heart while it was there, and it was there always. To it I am convinced I owe those habits of studiousness from which I now feel it painful to deviate, for all that time my thoughts but moved from the subject of my reading to the object of my love, and back again by a dear reaction. Often long after midnight, when my lamp burned low, and the extinguished embers rattled coldly in my grate, has my mind been quickened to renewed activity as the thought of her last fond smile arose before its vision.

She had a fortune, small comparatively, but still placing her far above my rank in life. Yet her friends were not averse to our union, for they saw that in spirit we were already one. It had been agreed upon, between ourselves, and many fond day-dreams did we indulge in, how when I had obtained my diploma we should have a year's roving together on the continent, and then return again, when I should wait with but her and my books for my companions till a practice should spring up around me.

About two months before the time I particularly allude to she had gone with her mother to reside temporarily at a country place in the south of England. From time to time I had letters from her. Heaven knows they were my only comforts in my daily increasing distress. At length one came telling me that she had been for some time ill—that she had not hitherto liked to mention it, but now that she was confined to her room, she thought it as well to write to me. The next was short and apparently written under excitement. It stated that the complaint was styled aneurism, and that all she could learn with regard to it was that it was a mysterious and fatal disorder. In a week I had another, long and full of passionate tenderness in it. There was an expression in it, "if any thing should happen to me," that struck coldness to my very heart. The next was from her mother—my angel was removed.

This was the consummation. The weight was now indeed more than my strength could bear, and shutting myself up for several days I resigned myself to the flood of my misery. In my adversity I had often before experienced great relief in mind from

wandering out at nights and walking alone about the country for several miles round the city. On the the third night after receipt of this information, when my anguish was at its height, I resolved to try for similar relief—at all events a change of place.

Though the streets must have been very considerably peopled, for it was little past ten at night, I have no recollection of seeing any one, nor of the course I pursued, till I found myself in a lonely street on the south side of the river, just opening on the country, and inhabited by persons of a superior station in the world.

It was very lonely, with tall, dark houses on one side, and an open park on the other, and not a being did I see—not a watchman nor any moving thing along the extended way, while the few and unfrequent gas-lamps twinkled feebly amid the darkness.

As I walked slowly up the pavement, strange and incoherent ideas filled my brain. Despair, like a black and heavy curtain, seemed to encompass me, till its voluminous folds were all but palpable to my senses. There was a lifting in my mind as if some mighty force from beneath were about to upheave the foundations of my reason and lay the temple a broken ruin in the dust.

Presently as I moved, my ears were filled by a sweet strain of music. It was some time before it found its way from the ear to the mind, in such a tumult of excitement was the latter, and then it was some time before I could satisfy myself it was not a delusion. At length my notice was attracted, and I stood still. The sound came from a house in front of which I was. I listened attentively—it was that beautiful hymn called "Rousseau's Dream," and was sung with a piano and horn accompaniment.

The performance was very good, and the rich harmony descended like a medicated balm upon my bruised and weltering spirit. I had a strange feeling as if something within me was about to give way. I grew faint, and sat down upon the stone steps of the house door. Presently the music ceased, and I could hear clear, cheerful voices talking and laughing, and apparently complimenting the performers. From this, as from the light shining through the crevices of the doors and windows, I concluded there was an evening party of some sort assembled.

In a minute another, a very beautiful voice, began to sing, accompanied by the horn only. The song proved to be "Kathleen O'More,"

and it was sung with much feeling indeed. I could hear each syllable of the words and every note of the music. The same train of thoughts continued in my mind, and as the strain went on every other emotion faded, and gave place to overwhelming sorrow, till at the words

The bird of all birds that I love the best
Is the robin that in the churchyard builds its nest,
For it seems to watch Kathleen—
Hops lightly o'er Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More.

At these words, and the heart-touching pathos of the music, the chord within me gave way, a flood of tears gushed to my eyes, and I fell forward with my face upon my knees, and I sat and wept and sobbed most bitterly and loudly.

This must have continued for some time—how long I do not know. I was aroused by hearing voices around me, and looking up perceived the door open, and three or four well-dressed persons with lights in their hands, regarding me with surprise, wondering probably to see a muscular and not very refined looking young man display so much emotion.

I got up, moved away, and shortly heard the shutting of the house door ring through the solitude of the street. And once more sorrow and I were left alone together.

Slowly moving along I emerged from the end of the street into a lonely road. It was one that had been made to shorten the way to a small country town, the old road to which came from a remote corner of the city, and after crossing the river by an ancient bridge of its own, some two miles off, joined this at a point above double that distance away. By the old way I might return, thus fetching a circuit.

The road I travelled was nearly straight. A high stone wall, fenced each side, over which the trees behind sent their sombre branches, nearly meeting in the midst, so that its melancholy character accorded well with the mood I was in. There were not visible either moon or stars, yet a kind of vague impalpable luminousness was shed through the clouds, by which I could just indistinctly make out my way. Not one living thing did I see or hear, from the time that house door was closed. I was in perfect solitude, silence and darkness, and frequently as I moved I stopped, and leaning against the wall gave scope to my gloomy emotions.

At length I came to the point where the

roads joined, and turning into the other one went slowly back toward the city. It must now have been some time after midnight; the same darkness visible continued, but from the trees being less frequent I could see about me much more clearly. But that was of little consequence, for I knew every step of the way, and could have walked it blindfold, for this had been the route of many a joyous ramble in the days of my boyhood and since.

Presently I reached the bridge. It was very narrow and lofty, with arches of great height and span, for the river was liable at certain periods to floods, which would have carried away any less elevated structure. Walking along I paused at the highest point, over the key-stone of the central arch, and gleaming over the parapet looked down upon the black waters gliding sullenly along in depth and darkness many a fathom beneath me. I could dimly distinguish their flow with an indistinct sparkle in the gloom now and then, while an indefinite increase of shadow, far away to either side, denoted the banks. I heard too the ripple of the current round the massive piers, with its echo up the hollow arch, so stillly was the windless night.

As I continued thus motionless craning over the ledge, at once the idea SUICIDE sprang living up before my mind, divested of its terrors, and wearing rather an inviting aspect.

There was a refuge and relief from all my torture flowing far below, ready to receive me into its bosom. I began deliberately and philosophically to consider the arguments for and against self-murder, especially those I could bring to bear upon my own case. They were numerous and conflicting. You will find them in Hamlet's soliloquy. But there was one which is not there, "might not this act be the portal through which to find my way to *her* once more?"

This ended the debate; I was resolved, and summoning all my fortitude, and murmuring a hurried prayer to Him to be with me in mercy, I raised my knee upon the parapet. My prayer was answered. Upon the instant I heard a step approaching, and this arrested me.

"I shall wait," thought I, "till he passes, and then—"

The step appeared to be upon the road, about fifty yards from the end of the bridge

by which I had approached. It was a distinct, firm, steady tread, as of a heavy muscular man, coming up at an ordinary pace. With the exception of the rippling water underneath there was no other sound, and I could hear plainly and count every pace. Nearer and nearer it came, presently it advanced upon the bridge. I declare to you I marked clearly the difference of sound as it left the macadamised roadway and came upon the hard greenstone pavement.

It is some labourer, thought I, going to his happy home after his weary spell in the mine, and I fancied him for a moment with grimed face and clothes, and twinkling little lamp dangling in front of his cap, as I had often seen them.

But as the footstep came near there was a change in the time and weight of the tramp. The walker seemed to have seen me and to be regarding me with some interest and caution as he came on. I was still in the same position on the wall in which I had been arrested by the first sound. When it had approached to a distance of about twenty feet from me, I thought I would turn round and greet the passenger as he went by, to divert his suspicion from my intentions; but ere I had time to move a muscle, or even to will the action, the tread was suddenly and extremely increased in rapidity and weight, as if the being, whoever he was, had made a desperate rush to my very side to fling me headlong from the bridge.

I almost deemed I felt his touch upon my person, and on the moment sprang back into the middle of the roadway, with a wild scream of frantic fear, and while the cold sweat bathed my skin, and my body quivered with terror and amazement, raised my stick aloft to strike down in defence.

But there was *no one there*. No living thing was to be seen on either side along the bridge. There was light enough to see dimly but distinctly to each end, and I could mark every one of the stones raised to protect the parapet walls from wheels.

I was in a panic of alarm and anxiety. I looked around, into the air, over the walls, but I was perfectly alone.

"It must have been a delusion," said I, "it was the wind."

But there was no wind.

"It was the sound of the river."

But all the while I had heard the tread and the ripple of the water quite separate and well marked.

"It was the skirt of my pea jacket flapping against the wall."

But on trying to repeat it I could produce scarcely any sound at all, and that widely differing from the regular decided tramp of the footstep.

Then I came with awe to the conclusion that in my extremity I had in very truth been visited by *HIM WHO WALKS UNSEEN*.

There was a more complete revulsion in my feelings—the instinct of self-preservation had been roused into powerful action, and along with strong supernatural dread had taken complete possession of my mind, to the quashing or extirpation of my former train of ideas. I had now no thought for my calamities, so great was my wonder, awe, and fear, and my gratitude, that I had been so strangely preserved from mortal danger. I felt that I had but a moment before been in the actual presence of some superior being, of whose nature, or sphere, or way of existence, my finite mind could form no conception, and was actuated by an urgent desire to flee to the city, and by mingling among the abodes of men, rid my mind of the effect of these unnatural circumstances.

From the idea of self-destruction I now recoiled with horror, appalled and amazed that I could have ever for a moment entertained it, and in my own bosom fervently implored from Heaven forgiveness for my meditated crime in contempt of Providence.

I hurried with my utmost speed along the road, and met no living creature till I entered the city.

A humbled and much altered young man, I applied myself once more to my pursuits. Shortly my circumstances brightened, and in a few months I was better off, to use a common expression, than I had ever been before. New prospects dawned before me, new friends I had, but never a new love. The memory of her loss never leaves me, but it is now divested of its acuteness, and has subsided into a sad yet pleasing feeling, which at times I would not be without.

MR. LANNOY, the Belgian Consul in the Philippine Islands, has recently purchased at Manilla, for the library of his Belgian Majesty, a collection of very curious books, copies of which are not to be met with in all Europe. It contains, among other works, a general history of the Philippine Islands, in fourteen volumes; a Flora of those Islands; several Chinese works and drawings; a Pampago grammar; a Tagalog and Spanish dictionary, &c.

From the (Macao) Chinese Repository.

Present condition of the Chinese Empire, considered with regard both to its domestic and foreign relations, especially as affected by the late war and treaty.

HENCEFORTH, the Central Kingdom—the Celestial Empire—ancient and long secluded China—takes rank among the nations of the earth, and becomes of one family with them. By this treaty, signed before Nanking, August 29th, 1842, the spell which gave this government its fancied elevation was broken, its wall of seclusion breached, and a highway projected, whereupon the sons of Han may enjoy free intercourse with those of every race and in every clime. The condition of China, therefore, as it respects both the government and people, now becomes a subject of much deeper interest to foreigners than it ever was before. We should dwell upon the past, in order to see how the present has grown out of it; and to the future also we should look, that we may the better anticipate the demands and the products which will rise in each succeeding period of coming time. But our most direct and immediate concern is with the *present condition of the Chinese Empire*, the greatest on earth. We wish to see and to exhibit the Chinese as they are, at court and in country, acting and acted upon, by all the varied influences which conspire to form their character—political, commercial, domestic, literary, moral, and religious.

And what, now, is the condition of this empire? A question that is much more easily asked than answered. Indeed, to give a perfectly satisfactory answer is impracticable; and, could it be given in ample details, it would require many volumes. We have upon our shelves, “China;” “China, its State and Prospects;” “The Chinese;” “The Chinese as they are;” &c. Yet how very little knowledge of China and of the Chinese do even those possess, who are the most extensively acquainted with this empire! A perusal of all the books written by foreigners on this subject, will show, that our knowledge of this country is exceedingly limited and superficial.

In the few paragraphs to which this article is limited, China and the Chinese will be delineated only in rough and half completed outline, for this is all that we can at present presume to undertake; but the doing of this will show, what is of no small consideration, the strong necessity of making

much greater efforts to obtain a better acquaintance with this empire—its history, its geography, its government, its productions, in short, all things that affect national character.

By the late war, both the domestic and foreign relations have been put to a severe test, and some important results worked out. The collision, though not very long, nor very sharp, gave a shock to the whole empire, such as it had never before experienced. It waked those, charged with the direction of the helm of government, to such a sense of the impending danger, that they were induced, without long delay, to change in a degree their course of policy, thus saving, for a time at least, their huge but fragile bark from destruction. The collision, modified and made pacific, continues, and must continue, working out greater and still greater results—results more salutary than those already produced, and some of which we will here briefly notice.

The absurd claim of universal supremacy, long ago made clear by the Chinese in their books, and always avowed and maintained as far as their daring and power would admit, has been exposed and exploded. The favourite dogma ran thus: “There is but one sun in the heavens; so there can be but one emperor, the Most High’s vicegerent, on earth, appointed to rule all nations.” So infatuated was poor Lin, on his first arrival in Canton as his imperial majesty’s high commissioner, that he proceeded at once to give special instructions to the fraternity of licensed merchants, to become the tutors and masters of all foreigners resident at the provincial city. The barbarians, being obstinate and stubborn, were threatened with extermination; and, refusing to do homage in the prescribed form and manner, they were denounced as rebels, and large rewards offered for their heads. Their crime, their only crime, was disobedience to the son of heaven. Thus the Chinese would fain believe, and would have others believe, that universal homage was due to their sovereign.

The development of the military resources of the empire is another result. A mere show of force, it was supposed, would at once “bring the emperor to his senses.” Two or three smart frigates, it was thought, were quite enough to effect the desired end. Hence instructions were given not to proceed further, in the first instance, than to take possession of a single insular position. Chusan was taken; the expedition appeared before

the dilapidated and dismantled forts at the mouth of the Pei ho, and then the whole matter was to be concluded amicably down at this extremity of the empire. Negotiations went on here satisfactorily, until the military resources of the empire were put in requisition. Much was promised but nothing granted. Breaches of faith—failure to meet engagements, renewed the attack, which the Chinese, with their accumulated armies hoped to repel. Although these armies were defeated, it was now plain that the imperial cabinet had resolved to measure their strength with the invaders. The Board of War was called upon to do its best deeds. Awe-inspiring generals, conquerors of rebel barbarians, were appointed; ships of war were built; forts erected; and all the munitions of war prepared for immediate use, and in great quantities. And so imposing was the display—so vast were the resources—“ranged like men on a chessboard,” from one extreme of the line of the coast to the other, that success on their part was confidently expected by the Chinese, and by foreigners not a few. “Only let the Chinese hold out, maintain their *passive resistance*, and the day is theirs,” was the language sometimes heard. In almost every thing that appertains to war, the Chinese have shown themselves to be by no means contemptible. They have failed for want of system and discipline. Let but these be improved sufficiently, and mastery over them will be difficult. Their numbers and resources are sufficient for every emergency—for all contingencies. The overwhelming forces ordered to Canton, from the neighbouring provinces, broke down beneath their own weight, and became a scourge to the provincial city, and all the neighbouring places where they marched or encamped. Even while the British guns were at the gates of Canton, and commanding the heights above the city, these myrmidons were actually devouring the flesh of the native inhabitants. Such were the congregated armies of the celestial empire. If the Chinese act wisely, they will speedily reform their whole military and naval system, and make their navy and army worthy of a great nation and capable of giving defence to every part of their country.

By being defeated in every engagement, the Chinese have learned some very useful lessons. One of these we see in their being made willing to bend to meet the exigencies of the late crisis. Had the emperor and his ministers maintained their usual degree of

pertinacity, how different would have been the results of the war! To those who saw the actual posture of affairs, there was but one alternative—to bend or to break. This necessity was seen by a few—they saw they must yield, or loose the reins of government; the pressure became all but intolerable. Another blow, in all probability, would have broken asunder the empire; but he who ruleth the hosts of heaven, and doeth his will among all the earth's inhabitants, was graciously pleased to stay the impending blow. When every thing was in readiness, and the storm was about to burst upon the old capital, dispatches arrived from court. The emperor and his advisers, having seen their dilemma, had consented to the demands, and now the *articles of peace* were signed with due formalities. The spell was there broken, the vain claim to supremacy abandoned; and from the humiliation (however partial it may have been) we date the commencement of a new era—the beginning of China's exaltation. By solemn treaty, the Chinese have humbled themselves so as to take a stand among the nations of the earth. Now they may rise from their real degradation, and take their proper rank among the other kingdoms and empires of this world.

By the signing of the late treaty, the Chinese empire was removed from its old isolated condition, and was placed in a new sphere, where all its relations, domestic and foreign, are subject to new and powerful influences. Hitherto, in fact, it has enjoyed no relations, worthy of the name, with other nations. The intercourse with foreigners was so restricted, and conducted in such a manner, that for all purposes of state it was nothing—nothing except to be a cause of perpetual irritation. Happily, to that anomalous condition, honourable relations have now succeeded. The forming of these relations, and their future management, is a matter of great interest, because it will affect, in a greater or less degree, the welfare of nearly or quite the whole civilized world. All are concerned; and, sooner or later, and probably at no very remote period, all and each will acknowledge the new relationship, and seek for its benefits.

One thing more calls for particular notice—it is the bearing of the popular feeling. “The opinion,” says a late writer, “that the people themselves are not only willing, but eager to receive us among them,” appears to him a “mischievous fallacy,” and “seems incompatible with the known peculiarities of

the national character of the two races now occupying the Chinese empire." To the discussion of this topic we may return in another article. In this country, as in all other countries that have made advances in civilization, there is a public opinion, greatly influencing and influenced by the action of government. The heaven of humanity which has been recently administered to the imperial cabinet, enabling it to bow with so good a grace, has not had time to spread far among the great mass of this people. Moreover, but few of the people are at all aware of the advantages of foreign commerce, and foreign intercourse. Those who see these advantages, as some do, are anxious to have the provisions of the late treaty carried speedily into effect. At Ningpo, sheet almanacs have lately been published, on which are representations of the scenes that are about to open there, by the introduction of foreign commodities: these emblazoned with light, are hailed with expressions of joy. At Shanghai, popular feeling takes a similar course. But at Canton there are counter currents, working with "toil and trouble." From these, however, we do not expect that any serious evils will arise. So far as we know, the empire is enjoying its usual degree of tranquillity. From the recent changes, we anticipate many good and great results—not indeed unmixed with evil, but results in which the good will far exceed the evil. Let light and knowledge come in freely from abroad; and come they will with the introduction of foreign commodities, and the extension of foreign intercourse. Let them come as free and as pure as possible; because the more abundantly these are introduced, the greater will be the benefits resulting both to the Chinese and to foreigners.

Policy, which only seeks to acquire good, and never to communicate it, is ever to be repudiated. That "it is more blessed to give than to receive," is the economy taught by the highest authority; it is the best economy, as honesty is the best policy. The old principle that would lead a man to secure to himself as much as possible, irrespective of the rights and wishes of others, is confessedly the wrong rule of action. To seek more for ourselves, in any transaction, than we should, under similar circumstances, be willing to give to others, is base conduct, unworthy of a good man, and repugnant to the spirit of sound ethics.

In the arrangements that are about to be formed, for the regulation of political and

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commercial intercourse with this government and people, we hope and expect to see a liberal policy pursued. The greater care will be requisite in order to render this intercourse every way agreeable to the Chinese; for this, as we view the matter, is the essential point. Let nothing but what is clearly feasible, and honourable, and profitable, be introduced into the new system, and then it will surely succeed; otherwise, it ought not, it will not, it cannot.

Great allowances must be made for the ignorance and prejudices of the Chinese; and yet their ignorance and prejudices regarding foreigners, are scarcely greater than ours are respecting them. Both are wrong. We have light, and a code of moral laws, which they have not. Accordingly, we are bound to excel them in magnanimity, in kindness, and in every good work. In order to know how to deal with the Chinese aright, we need to possess much more accurate and extended knowledge of them, and all that appertains to them and their country. This empire is emphatically "the great unknown." With a few exceptions, foreigners know but little more of it than they do of the moon. A field, wide enough for the greatest ambition, is here opened.

We see in the progress of society, a slow, but steady improvement. The movements of the present age seem to indicate the coming of brighter days than the world has ever yet enjoyed. Knowledge and religion are spreading. Peace is more eagerly sought now than ever before, and proper concessions for its restoration and preservation are deemed magnanimous, not cowardly. The speedy return of peace in China, and the favourable terms on which it has been established, are not the least of the favourable signs of the times; establishing a confident belief that the old order of things is passing away, and that ere long free and friendly intercourse will be enjoyed among all nations. Since things are thus, what ought to be the conduct of those who are the most enlightened and the most free of all nations?

PROFESSOR VON RAUMER.

A private letter from Berlin of the 25th September, says—"Professor von Raumer is very busy in reading up for his proposed journey to the United States, where he intends to spend the months between April and October of next year. He at present thinks very favourably of the Americans, and of their institutions—so that their visitor starts somewhat prepossessed in their favour."

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

YOUNG SCOTLAND; OR, AN EVENING AT TREPORT.

BY BON GUALTIER.

"YES," I continued, "the wrongs of Scotland cry aloud for vengeance. Her palaces are desolate. No monarch has she now for her nobles to bully, for her people to assail. Not a beef-eater's place is left for her pauper gentry. An alien in blood and in religion sits upon her throne; and the last scions of her royal race may be seen in the melancholy majesty of dethronement and moustachios, stalking through the desolate streets of her metropolis."

"*Capèdibious!*" shouted Paul de Kock; "*c'est grand dommage!*" And as he spoke he squeezed the waist of the pretty grisette beside him with an enthusiasm that made her start.

"*Ach Gott!*" spluttered Young Germany, in the person of a Heidelberg bürsch, through the cloud of execrable tobacco smoke which he had been compelling for the last hour.

"Ya-as, suttingly;" (*Anglicè*, yes, certainly,) at the same instant drawled a young man with a yellow face, and a very white neckcloth, who obviously conceived himself the Avatar of Young England.

"Uv a brigade of true Irish lads 'ud be of any sarvice, spake!" cried, with true Milesian fervour, a gentleman who had left "the first gem of the sea" in consequence of the troublesome importunities of his tradesmen.

Let me explain how, where, and when the dialogue, of which the above is a fragment, took place.

When I reached Trèport, the day before her Majesty's arrival, I found among the thousand and one idlers who had been attracted thither, a very considerable sprinkling of the Regenerators of the various countries of Europe, of whom a large assortment were quartered in the hotel at which I put up. Young France and Young Germany in all the abomination of dirty hair, unclean nails, and tobacco smoke, were numerously represented. A staff of sickly gentlemen, with black coats and white neckcloths, with long limp oily hair and ebony walking-canes, proclaimed that the saintly eyes of Young England were upon the coming pageantries; while certain inexplicable gigglings, and the rumpled caps of the chambermaids, as they

issued from the rooms of the aforesaid gentlemen in black, intimated that Young England's attachment to celibacy and the adoration of saints was blended with the laxity of morals and devotion to human beauty which has consistently accompanied the advocacy of similar principles from the days of Thomas Aquinas downwards. Young Ireland, too, was conspicuous in the rakish dilapidation of its raiment; and, with coat buttoned up to the chin, might be seen swaggering jauntily along, with one eye upon its ragged buttons, and the other hunting through the crowds of strangers for some unsuspecting novice to joke a dinner out of. Nor was Young America without its representatives, who went about, spitting voluminously, and asking impertinent questions, wherever they could contrive to "fix their team." It was plain how matters were to go, and that I was to be jabbered to death by these apostles of the various apocalypses of cosmopolitan reformation. Therefore, most necessary it was that I should, in self-defence, set up some peculiar stalking-horse of my own; and I made up my mind at once to stand forward, in the eyes of Europe and Trèport, as Young Scotland, and give it them—*hot*.

Young Scotland! It was a virgin thought; and I proceeded to put it into tangible shape with all the enthusiasm of discovery. First, as to dress. I was fortunately provided with a pair of trousers of the M'Tavish tartan, a check of tremendous stripes of red and yellow, in which I looked like a gigantic flamingo; a pair of iron-shod brogues; an old shooting-jacket; the original wig of "The Dougal creatur," which I had sometime before procured, as a curiosity, from my friend Murray of the Edinburgh Theatre. A Glen-garry bonnet, and a snuff-mull of ramshorn, completed my equipment, combining, pleasantly, some of the leading horrors of the highland and lowland costume. As to my creed, I was a little at a loss for that. But taking a hint from the young Puseyite lawyers, who sanctify the otherwise profane precincts of the Edinburgh Parliament House,—amiable patriots, who chant pæans in praise of Claverhouse, and cross themselves at the name of the martyr Montrose;—and also borrowing a leaf out of O'Connell's book, I found I could manage to muster a long roll of grievances that looked, when put oratorically, excessively intolerable. The thing told admirably. La Jeune France *sacred* itself into violent declarations of my being "*un esprit bien fort*;" to which Young England

lent its corroborative assurance in a languid "Ya-as; suttingly. Veway much so!"—"Hol' mich der Teufel!" vociferated *Junge Deutschland*, "*s'ist ein gar verständlicher und sehr rumfästianischer Mann!*" while Young and Repealing Erin, in the most discordant of musical sounds, persisted in declaring that I was "just the man for Galway." All this was very well, and highly flattering; but the charm of my plan was, that it enabled me effectually to silence any one of the Regenerators, whenever I saw a flood of his nonsense coming. For instance, when Young Ireland started away into a fierce denunciation of the perfidious Sassenach, and tried to cram us with some incomprehensible stories about Irish kings, Malachi with his collar of gold, and all that humbug, I was down upon him in an instant with Fingal and the Halls of Balclutha, and pitched into the *Sassenach Pockpuddinach*,—I found the Celtic terminations gave great additional strength to such virulence,—till Erin's tongue grew as cold as Cadwallo's, and he slunk away abashed at the imbecility of his own ire. Again, if Young Germany—a poor, harmless creature at the worst—threatened us with a philosophical scheme for modelling a nation out of the countless petty principalities and Krähwinkels of his native realms of saur kraut and sentiment, a few vivid allusions to claymores and rifle bullets, enforced by a plunge or two of the carving-knife into the table, sent him rapidly back into the serenity of his tobacco-pipe. As for Young America, the sweep and magnificence of my views as to the absurdity of paying any debt whatsoever, national or personal, awed him into reverential silence. Even he could feel that the chattering of the American 'coon was pitiful in contrast with the roar of the Scottish lion. In fact, I soon let them know that Scotland had a deal of the old blood in her, and could "cock up her beaver" as bravely as the best of the *illuminati* of either hemisphere, whenever "the ancient kingdom" so pleased.

"*Vive la Jeune Ecosse!*" shouted Frederick Soulié, as I entered the public room of the hotel on my return from the Chateau d'Eu, where I had been on business that only concerns Lord Liverpool and myself, on the evening of her Majesty's arrival. The sentiment was echoed on every side: and, as I took my seat at the centre of the table, I found myself "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes." Even the editors of the *Presse* and *National*, who, at a side-

table, were stimulating, with maddening draughts of sugar and water, their jealous wrath at the meeting of royalty which we had witnessed some hours before, ceased to execrate the deeply-laid conspiracy between Lord Aberdeen and M. Guizot against the liberties of "*La Belle France*," and to canvass the contents of the hateful commercial treaty which Victoria did—not—carry in her royal side-pocket, and drew in their chairs towards our social circle. I had not time to swallow half a glass of brandy, before I was assailed on all sides with inquiries as to what I had seen at the chateau.

"Gentlemen!" I exclaimed, "is this fair?—is it honourable? If his Majesty of France—"

"*Qu'est que ça, que vous dites? Majesté de la France! Sacre! Ce n'est que le roi des Français,*" screamed the editor of the *Presse*, in a state of high excitement.

"Very well—if France has no majesty, so be it; but if, as I was saying, the king of the French honours me with his confidence, I shall prove myself worthy of it, by declining to withdraw the veil from the sacred privacy of his domestic circle."

"*Mais cette maudite Traité la! Est elle souscrite?*" demanded the editor of the *National*, gnashing the ruins of his teeth.

"Very probably;—in fact I should rather say it was. But you'd better ask M. Guizot the next time you meet him."

"*A bas Guizot! A bas les Anglais! A bas tous traiteurs infâmes!*"

"Ah, bah! anybody you like. I have no doubt it is quite the same to them. But we burn day-light. Gentlemen, although you must excuse me from revealing the details of what passed at the chateau to-day, I have no objections to repeat a charming lyrical impromptu to which her Majesty, in the redundant hilarity of her heart, gave vent after dinner."

Every soul present, republicans and other sinners, held his breath in expectation, as I continued.

"After dinner, her Majesty visited the apartments of the Duchess of Orleans, where, by a liberal distribution of sugar-plums, she was soon in high favour, as may be supposed, with the young hope of France, and the other juveniles. The aforesaid hope was at first disposed to suck its thumb a little, and to look sullen; but her Majesty, with the true royal instinct, saw the way to his affections at once, and pulling a paper of *bonbons* from her reticule, wheedled him to her knee

with this charming impromptu, which she sung to the fine national air of 'The Hieland Laddie':—

"Asseyez vous ici, mon cher,
Pretty, petit Comte de Paris,
Je suis la reine de l'Angleterre,
Comte de Paris, Comte de Paris.
J'aime beaucoup de beaux garçons
Comte de Paris, Comte de Paris,
V'là ces délicieux bonbons,
Comte de Paris, Comte de Paris!"

"The appeal was irresistible; and the future monarch clutched the sugar-plums, and thrust them into his mouth with an undisguised unction worthy of 'Jack Horner.' Her Majesty got him upon her knee, and continued, stroking his little chin as she sang—

"J'ai un petit garçon chez moi,
Pretty, petit Comte de Paris,
Tel un autre chère que toi,
Comte de Paris, Comte de Paris.
J'ai une fille si jolie, too,
Comte de Paris, Comte de Paris,
Quand une barbe vous avez, vous
Serez son mari, Comte de Paris!"

"*Jamais, jamais!*" cried young France in a body as I concluded, casting up their eyes to the ceiling, in a prophetic vision, not of the alliance-conjugal pointed at in the lyric, but of future wars, where the stains of Waterloo would be washed by English blood from the lilies of France.

"I don't see that at all!" said Mr. Octavius O'Mullins, from county Wicklow. "I have no wish to spake disrespectfully of the Quane of England, the darlint! nor of Louis Philippe, either, for that matter; but it's my opinion, that the son of a bloody ould chate and tyrant like him is good enough—"

"I differ from you entirely, O'Mullins," said I, without waiting, or, indeed, caring to hear the conclusion of his sentence, which, of course, was meant to wind up with some drivel about Sassenachs and treachery. "But I can't be bothered arguing the point with you just now; for I intend that our friend, the Honourable Member for Guttleton here, shall read to us a charming copy of verses which he has got in his pocket."

"Verses?"—I!" exclaimed the parliamentary Young Englander, with well-feigned astonishment.

"To be sure,—I saw you sweating away at them this morning on the beach. Confess,—was it not something in Aubrey Vere's style?"

"Oh, ya-as; suttingly! Veway much so!"

But, weally—" and Young England modestly drew from its pocket a note-book, from which he read, with a voice as silky as a popular preacher's, the following lines, after informing us that they were entitled,

YOUNG ENGLAND'S PROPHECY.

I.

"When Angel-like, with stars and seraphim,
The new-fledged moon in silver waves is-lying,
And the sphered orbit of the planet's hymn
Floats through the caves of night; and each
replying
To each, the lucid watchword sends along,—
Oh then, my soul, ope thou the fount of passion,
And with the gush of sweet, delirious song,
Pour out thy waters, not in common fashion,
The water-craving meads and thirsty dells among."

"Oh, bother! what the divil is the maning of all this blarney about moons, and stars, and seraphim, and wather?" cried O'Mullins.

"Hushed be thy murmurs—"

continued Young England.

"My what?" exclaimed O'Mullins. "You don't mane anything personal by that, do you?"

"Come, come, O'Mullins," said I, interposing; "it's all right. It's only a poetical way of bidding you hold your tongue."

II.

"Hushed be thy murmurs, oh, thou unquiet sea!
Nor longer in convulsive thralldom wrestle;
Good angels pour their calming oil on thee
Around the shadow of our Monarch's vessel.
Soft be her path from England unto France,
Dear Island Queen! what heretic dare chide thee,
For that thou com'st not now with sword and lance?
Bright Una! Britain's lion wakes beside thee—
YOUNG ENGLAND is thy guard—Advance, fair Queen, advance!"

III.

"Lo! the Cathedral gates are opened wide,
And hark! within the solemn mass is pealing,
And golden censers, waved on every side,
Fill the rich air with incense, blandly stealing
Upon the soul! and there the window-pane,
Rich with the glow and vermeil tints of Venice,
Displays, in azure and in crimson stain,
The blessed martyrdom of good St. Denys,
Who died—I don't know how—but surely not in vain."

Here Paul de Kock and his grisette crossed themselves devoutly; and Young England, regardless for a time of its brandy and water, looked meekly upwards, with hands folded "palm to palm, and pointing from the

breast." Young America whittled freely, as the poet continued—

IV.

"New light, new faith, new element, new joy!
Oh, balmy thought! oh, holy inspiration!
Dwell we no more on tales of heathen Troy,
Nor on the foul and rancid Reformation!
Oh, if we know not what we would be at,
Let no reality dim such delusion,
But, like the Ark on lonely Ararat,
Rest calmly in the midst of wild confusion,
Not deeming what is which, but dreaming which
is what.

V.

"Ah, yes! great doings are in store for thee,
YOUNG ENGLAND! Child regenerate and holy!
Strange blossom, grafted on an ancient tree,
Born of mute thought and mystic melancholy!
Destined, perchance, to plant the wondrous chart
Betwixt rude being and untrodden vision;
To be the herald to the realms apart
Of other Edens and of fields Elysian,
Where beauty hath no blight, and even death no
dart.

VI.

"For round thy neck, in token of thy creed,
A virgin scarf of snowy white thou bearest,
And the pure moral of thy thought and deed
Is mirrored by the sable robe thou wearest.
Be ever thus! Be vigilant and true,
Though fools disown thee, and though world-
lings chide thee;
And, undismayed by phantoms old or new,
In the abyssmal folds of wisdom hide thee,
A miracle alike to Gentile and to Jew!"

"Well, if that a'int the darndest streak of everlasting nonsense as ever I heard, may I be stewed!" exclaimed the editor of "*The New York Screamer*."

"You may say that; I believe you!" struck in O'Mullins. "Now, upon your sowl, as you hope to slape in glory, did you mane any thing by it at all?"

"Oh, ya-as, suttingly," was all the answer which the honourable emulator of Aubrey Vere vouchsafed to this very natural inquiry.

"I feel it my duty," here interrupted Frederic Soulié, "to enter my protest against the sentiments of the poem we have just heard. Frenchmen, join me in the chorus of the *Chanson de la Jeune France*!"

Although the sentiments so objectionable to the author of the *Mémoires du Diable* had been so completely wrapped in the "abyssmal folds" of their own obscurity as to be totally undiscernible by ordinary minds, and a protest was therefore somewhat superfluous, any thing to dispel the lethargy induced by the misty languor of "Young England's Prophecy" was desirable. We there-

fore permitted Soulié to proceed in full chorus with his

CHANSON DE LA JEUNE FRANCE!

"The kings and queens are met—ah, bah!
The kings and queens—ah, ça ira!
They do not shrink—they cannot hear
The voice that whispers in their ear
The knell of doom, the words of fear,
Which make the hearts of prince and peer
Most commonly feel rather queer,—
Young France is near! Young France is near!

CHORUS.

Fraternité! Egalité! } *Bis.*
Indivisibilité!

"The kings and queens are met—ah, bah!
The kings and queens—ah, ça ira!
What though the brave Fieschi's cold,
And Girardin beneath the mould,
And young Napoleon bought and sold,
Our knives are sharp, our hearts are bold,
And still we'll thunder, as of old,
Despite their foreign arms and gold,

Fraternité! Egalité! } *Bis.*
Indivisibilité!

"The kings and queens are met—ah, bah!
The kings and queens—ah, ça ira!
Let tyrants toil and plot in vain,
They shall not forge for us again
The fetters and the clanking chain,
While France hath sons to raise the strain,
With accents hoarse and loud refrain,
A bas Philippe! à bas la Reine!

Fraternité! Egalité! } *Bis.*
Indivisibilité!

"The kings and queens are met—ah, bah!
The kings and queens—ah, ça ira!
They walk through Tréport undismayed;
And yet, ere now, in Freedom's aid,
Machines infernal have been made!
The powder's dry—the train is laid—
And up they go, midst fire and shade,
Like corks from bottled lemonade!

Fraternité! Egalité! } *Bis.*
Indivisibilité!"

"St. Schism defend us!" said the honourable Member for Guttleton, crossing himself; and in a transport of loyal horror he caught up his hat, and would have rushed from the room, followed by Young England in a body, but that their glasses had been newly replenished. Young France chorussed louder and louder:—

"The kings and queens are met—ah, ba!
The kings and queens—ah, ça ira!
Poor idle despots, go your ways!
Ye cannot meet Young France's gaze;
Yet shall you hear, with sore amaze,
The war-chant of the Marseillaise,
On one of these delicious days;
And thousand throats the cry shall raise,

Fraternité! Egalité! } *Bis.*
Indivisibilité!

"The kings and queens are met—ah, bah!
 The kings and queens—ah, ça ira!
 Soon on the streets the bold Poissarde
 Shall o'er them mount resistless guard;
 And in the crowded Boulevard
 The voice of *Soulié*, (peerless bard!)
 In tuneful accents shall be heard,
 Proclaiming their deserved reward,
 Fraternité! Egalité! } *Bis.*
 Indivisibilité! }

"The kings and queens are met—ah, bah!
 The kings and queens—ah, ça ira!
 Still o'er our heads the lantern swings;
 The guillotine still gaily rings;
 With several other playful things,
 Somewhat disliked by queens and kings!
 The gallic cock still flaps its wings;
 And still the bird of Freedom sings
 Fraternité! Egalité! } *Bis.*
 Indivisibilité! }

"The kings and queens are met—ah, bah!
 The kings and queens—ah, ça ira!
A bas Philippe! à bas Guizot!
A bas with Angleterre also,
 And every other foreign foe;
 And every man and King we know,
 That would resist their overthrow!
 The throne, the altar, down must go
 To the infernal shades below.
 Then let Young France her trumpet blow!
Avancez, Messieurs, chantez haut!
 Fraternité! Egalité! } *Bis.*
 Indivisibilité! }

The uproar that followed this fine burst of republican enthusiasm is inconceivable. At length the scions of Young France fell back exhausted into their seats, and called passionately for *eau sucré*! Yes! these ferocious gentlemen, to whom carnage and desolation seemed to be meat and drink, as the sight of Sackerson loose was to Master Slender, actually condescended to solace themselves with this "so potent" beverage.

"*A bas tous les gens de l'Europe—prémièrement les Anglais!*"

"Yes, down with the Sassenach!" shouted O'Mullins, looking with ominous ferocity towards the honourable member for Guttleton and his friends, "the treacherous and blood-thirsty Sassenach! Not that I agree entirely with Mister Soulié about upsetting thrones and altars like whisky bottles at a wake. Barring O'Connell, there's not a more loyal man or a better Catholic, or a gentleman of a more quiet and peaceful nature, than myself. But I say, Down with the Sassenach! Hew them down, root and branch! Think of Mullaghmast, and baste the tyrants with their own sauce? Lave not a man of them in the land!"

"They came across the wave,
 Said the Shan Van Voght,

They came across the wave,
 Said the Shan Van Voght,
 They came across the wave,
 But to plunder and enslave,
 And should find a robber's grave,
 "Said the Shan Van Voght."

"Really," I exclaimed, seeing that O'Mullins was becoming a bore, "I cannot allow any man to take the treatment of the Sassenach out of my own hands. The subject is sacred to me. In me the wrongs of Scotland, at the hands of the *Sassenach Pockpuddinach*, are struggling for a voice. Long, too long, have they been mute. But it was the silence not of contentment, but of despair—

The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

"*Hoch lebe das Junge Schottland!*" cried a Heidelberger, who had by this time put himself considerably in beer.

"My respected friend O'Mullins has talked to you of Mullaghmast. I have no doubt that deeds were done there as frightful as the name, which I thank my kind stars I never heard of to this hour. But what is Mullaghmast to Glencoe? Oh, Saxon cruelty! how it cheers my heart in all its misery to think that you dare not attempt such a deed again! Mullaghmast indeed! Who ever dreams of Mullaghmast? But the shriek that rung along the black precipices of Glencoe still comes wafted to our ears on the whisky-flavoured breezes of these lonely mountains. Is not the memory of Flodden still green in our hearts—the heather of Culoden still red with the best blood of Scotland? Our ancient castles, are they not riven with the scars seamed in their battered walls by the artillery of Cromwell and his butchers?"

"Oh, to be sure and they are!" howled O'Mullins; sure he 'druv' a brache in their battlements."

"And shall we not then have vengeance? What though the Sassenach women shroud their shrinking shoulders in our shawls, and their men clothe their extremities in our plaidings? We want not their gold, while our honour is unavenged. No, let Galashiels mingle her lamentations with the murmurs of the Tweed, and Dundee pour her sorrows to the Tay;—yea, though Paisley mourn and the Gorbals refuse to be comforted, Scotland must have vengeance! Nor shall we want our bards to fire our hearts to slaughter. Listen, and you shall know that Young Scotland has a voice for slaughter as

powerful as the Shan Van Voght, or any other Irish Sennachie!"

With this I broke away into the following rhapsody, of which any party of gentlemen who have a taste for rebellion may avail themselves as they see fitting—

WAR-CHANT OF YOUNG SCOTLAND.

"We come, we come,
With trumpet and drum,
With musket and sword and spear;
And the Highland host,
And the Lowland's boast,
And the Lothians' pride are here.

When the stars are slack,
And the night is black,
And the moon is on the wane,
And the heavy shroud
Of the threatening cloud
Is charged with the mist and rain;

We'll marshal our men
In the rocky glen,
Where the stream is hoarsely brawling,
And the raven's croak,
From the blasted oak
To its sullen mate is calling.

Our banner we'll raise,
As in former days,
In the days of auld langsyne,
When the northern spear
Brought wail and fear
To the banks of the sluggish Tyne.

We'll pay them the debt,
That we owe them yet
For the bloody field of FLODDEN,
And the hearts that died
On the barren side
Of thy hated heath, CULLODEN!

For we loathe the view
Of the Saxon crew,
And their proffered love we spurn,
And they'll find us quite
As strong in the fight,
As they did at BANNOCKBURN!

We'll sing them the song
Of WALLACE strong,
And we'll join in the lusty chorus,
When the LION RED
Is over our head,
And the English foe before us!

We hate the cant
Of their Covenant,
And the Union Jack we spit on.
Who'd rather not
Die a rebel Scot,
Than live as a mongrel Britain?

No longer we'll wait,
But at Carlisle gate
Our flag once more displaying,

We'll let them hear
YOUNG SCOTLAND's cheer,
With the bagpipes wildly playing!

Then over our head,
Let the LION RED,
Float out, with winds to fan her,
And shame and disgrace
To the Saxon race,
And down with the British banner!"

The sentiments of this song were precisely of the kind to enrapture my audience. Young England alone grew pale in the face, and seemed to have some doubts whether I was mad, or joking. I followed up my war-chant with a long detail of injuries which Scotland had sustained in consequence of the Union,—the removal of the seat of Royalty, and of a separate legislature, with the scandalous diminution of places and pensions consequent thereon, and other such like wrongs of which Scotland does *not* complain, because she knows well that, like Ireland, she made the best of the bargain. I had reached the passage with which this paper started, and our party were in the full blaze of sedition and anarchy, when M. Auber, the composer, entered the room in considerable agitation.

"What shall I do for a poet?" he exclaimed, after the first salutations were over. 'The King insists that I shall have a *cantate* upon the visit of her Britannic Majesty ready by to-morrow. I say to the King, 'Sire, I have no poetry to compose to.'—'Get some, then; for I must have the *cantate*,' was his answer. Oh, where shall I find a poet?"

Twenty voices at least proffered instant service. High-minded zealots! They hated monarchies and despots,—there could be no doubt of that,—and yet they were like to tear each other to pieces for the honour of writing the panegyric wanted.

At first my friend Auber did not recognise me in my Young Scotland costume; but when I introduced myself to him, and offered to relieve him from his difficulty, he was only too glad to escape out of the hands of the rival bards by accepting my offer. Soulié was frantic, and vowed that Auber's next opera should be hissed into annihilation.

"Gentlemen, one and all!" I said, as I rose to leave the room for the Chateau d'Eu, "a fair good night! And ere next we meet, may Young France have shaved and cleaned its teeth; may Young Germany

have foresworn beer and tobacco-pipes; Young America learnt manners; Young Ireland taken to habits of honesty and sober living; Young England renounced mysticism, 'furmety, and sour faces;' and may you all be married, and minding your own affairs, in place of cobbling Constitutions! As for Young Scotland, it has too much work on hand to have time to talk, and is too thankful for peace to rake up the embers of old feuds, or to seek to unrivet the links which ages of civilization have been required to form."

The Regenerators looked extremely foolish, as I left the room arm in arm with Auber, to whom I handed, in less than an hour from that time, an ode which Dryden would not have blushed to own. I put its merits thus modestly, because, from its being royal property, I am not at liberty to publish it; and the public will, therefore, have no opportunity of giving it the same character. The loss is great; but I am able to compensate it in some measure by a ballad on the subject of the Royal Visit to France, which has received the sanction of royal favour.

It was a beautiful evening. The moon was paving the ocean with a glancing frost-work of silver; and we stood on the quarter-deck of the Royal Yacht—Lord Aberdeen and I—discoursing of matters various. The subject of poetry was broached, particularly with reference to the difficulty of treating, poetically, events occurring under our own eye. "For instance," said his lordship, "this meeting of the two greatest powers in Europe, marking a new era, as it does, in European civilisation; how difficult would it be to produce a poem which should combine accuracy of details, and points of character, with that sort of shadowy lustre, without which poetry, no matter how ingenious the rhythm, becomes actual prose."

"Difficult, I grant you, my Lord," was my reply; "but not impossible. Take our old ballads. The events they record were mostly stories, in which, perhaps, the nameless ballad-maker was an actor. They are moulded out of 'the commonest things that round us lie;' and yet they are the quintessence of poetry. My hand has some cunning in verse; and if your lordship will listen, I shall read you a rude outline of a ballad which I have been scratching in my note-book."

"My dear Bon! I shall be delighted."

We sat down, and, by the light of the harvest-moon, I read

THE QUEEN IN FRANCE.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH BALLAD.

PART I.

It fell upon the August month,
When landsmen bide at hame,
That our gude Queen went out to sail
Upon the saut-sea faem.

And she has taen the silk and gowd,
The like was never seen;
And she has taen the Prince Albert,
And the bauld Lord Aberdeen.

"Yese bide at hame, Lord Wellington:
Ye daurna gang wi' me;
For ye hae been ance in the land o' France,
And that's eneuch for ye.

"Yese bide at hame, Sir Robert Peel,
To gather the red and the white monie;
And see that my men dinna eat me up
At Windsor wi' their gluttonie."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,—
A league, but barely twa,
When the lift grew dark, and the waves grew wan,
And the wind began to blaw.

"O weel, weel may the waters rise,
In welcome o' their Queen:
What gars ye look sae white, Albert,
What makes your e'e sae green?"

"My heart is sick, my heid is sair,
Gie me a glass o' the gude brandie;
To set my foot on the braid green sward,
I'd gie the half o' my yearly fee.

"It's sweet to hunt the sprightly hare
On the bonny slopes o' Windsor lea,
But O, it's ill to bear the thud
And pitching o' the saut, saut sea!"

And aye they sailed, and aye they sailed,
Till England sank behind,
And over to the coast of France
They drave before the wind.

Then up and spak the King o' France,
Was birling at the wine;

"O wha may be the gay ladye,
That owns that ship sae fine?"

"And wha may be that bonny lad
That looks sae pale and wan?
I'll wad my lands o' Picardie,
That he's nae Englishman!"

Then up and spak an auld French lord,
Was sitting beneath his knee,
"It is the Queen o' braid England
That's come across the sea."

"And O an' it be England's Queen,
She's welcome here the day;
I'd rather hae her for a friend
Than for a deadly fae.

"Gae, kill the errock in the yard,
The auld sow in the sty,
And bake for her the brockit calf,
But and the puddock-pie!"

And he has gane until the ship,
As sune as it drew near,
And he has ta'en her by the hand—
"Ye're kindly welcome here!"

And syne he kissed her on ae cheek,
And syne upon the ither;
And he ca'ed her his sister dear,
And she ca'ed him her brither.

"Light down, light down now, ladye mine,
Light down upon the shore;
Nae English king has trodden here
This thousand years and more."

"And gin I lighted on your land,
As light fu' weel I may,
O am I free to feast wi' you,
And free to come and gae?"

And he has sworn by the Haly Rood,
And the black stane o' Dumblane,
That she is free to come and gae
Till twenty days are gane.

"I've lippen'd to a Frenchman's aith,"
Said gude Lord Aberdeen;
"But I'll never lippen to it again,
Sae lang 's the grass is green."

"Yet gae your ways, my sovereign liege,
Since better may na be;
The wee bit bairns are safe at hame,
By the blessing o' Marie!"

Then down she lighted frae the ship,
She lighted safe and sound;
And glad was our good Prince Albert
To step upon the ground.

"Is that your Queen, my Lord," she said,
"That auld and buirdly dame?
I see the crown upon her heid;
But I dinna ken her name."

And she has kiss'd the Frenchman's Queen,
And eke her daughters three,
And gi'en her hand to the young Princes
That louted upon the knee.

And she has gane to the proud castle,
That's biggit beside the sea:
But aye when she thought o' the bairns at hame,
The tear was in her e'e.

She gied the King the Cheshire cheese
But and the porter fine;
And he gi'ed her the puddock-pies
But and the blude-red wine.

Then up and spake the dourest Prince,
An Admiral was he;
"Let's keep the Queen o' England here,
Sin' better may na be!"

"O mony is the dainty king
That we hae trippit here;
And mony is the English yerl
That's in our dungeons drear!"

"You lee, you lee, ye graceless loon,
Sae loud's I hear ye lee!
There never yet was Englishman]
That came to skaith by me.

"Gae out, gae out, ye fause traitor!
Gae out until the street;
It's shame that Kings and Queens should sit
Wi' sic a knave at meat!"

Then up and raise the young French Lord,
In wrath and hie disdain—
"O ye may sit, and ye may eat
Your puddock-pies alane!"

"But were I in my ain gude ship,
And sailing wi' the wind,
And did I meet wi' auld Napier
I'd tell him o' my mind."

O then the Queen leuch loud and lang,
And her colour went and came;
"Gin ye met wi' Charlie on the sea,
Ye'd wish yersell at hame!"

And aye they birlit at the wine,
And drank right merrilie,
Till the auld cock craw'd in the castle-yard,
And the Abbey bell struck three.

The Queen she gaced until her bed,
And Prince Albert likewise;
And the last word that gay layde said
Was—"O thae puddock-pies!"

PART II.

The sun was hie within the lift
Afore the French King raise;
And syne he loup'd until his sark,
And warslit on his claes.

"Gae up, gae up, my little foot-page,
Gae up until the toun;
And gin ye meet wi' the auld Harper,
Be sure ye bring him down."

And he has met wi' the auld Harper;
O but his een were red;
And the bizzing o' a swarm o' bees
Was singing in his heid.

"Alack! alack!" the Harper said,
"That this should e'er hae been!
I daurna gang before my liege,
For I was fou yestreen."

"It's ye maun come, ye auld Harper:
Ye daurna tarry lang:
The King is just dementit-like
For wanting o' a sang."

And when he came to the King's chamber,
He loutit on his knee,
"O what may be your gracious will
Wi' an auld, frail man like me?"

"I want a sang, Harper," he said,
"I want a sang richt speedilie;
And gin ye dinna make a sang,
I'll hang ye up on the gallows tree."

"I canna do't, my liege," he said.
Hae mercy on my auld gray hair!

But gin that I had got the words,
I think that I might mak the air."

"And wha's to mak the words, fause loon,
When minstrels we have barely twa;
And Lamartine is in Paris toun,
And Victor Hugo far awa?"

"The deil may gang for Lamartine,
And flie awa wi' auld Hugo,
For a better minstrel than them baith
Within this very toun I know.

"O kens my liege the gude Walter,—
At hame they ca' him *BON GUALTIER*?—
He'll rhyme one day wi' true Thomas,
And he is in the castle here."

The French King first he lauchit loud,
And syne did he begin to sing:—
"My e'en are auld, and my heart is cauld,
Or I suld hae known the minstrel's King.

"Gae take to him this ring o' gowd,
And this mantle o' the silk sae fine,
And bid him mak a maister sang
For his sovereign ladye's sake and mine."

"I winna take the gowden ring,
Nor yet the mantle fine:
But I'll mak the sang for my ladye's sake,
And for a cup of wine."

The Queen was sitting at the cards,
The King ahint her back,
And aye she deal'd the red honours
And aye she deal'd the black;

And syne unto the dourest Prince
She spake richt courteouslie:—
"Now will ye play, Lord Admiral,
Now will ye play wi' me?"

The dourest prince he bit his lip,
And his brow was black as glaur:
"The only game that ever I play
Is the bluidy game o' war!"

"And gin ye play at that, young man,
It weel may cost ye sair;
Ye'd better stick to the game at cards,
For you'll win nae honours there!"

The King he leuch, and the Queen she leuch
Till the tears ran blithely down;
But the Admiral he raved and swore,
Till they kicked him frae the room.

The Harper came, and the Harper sang,
And O but they were fain;
For when he had sung the gude sang twice,
They called for it again.

It was the sang o' the Field o' Gowd
In the days o' auld langsyne,
When bauld King Henry crossed the seas
Wi' his brither king to dine.

And aye he harped, and aye he carped,
Till up the Queen she sprang—
"I'll wad a County Palatine,
Gude Walter made that sang."

Three days had come, three days had gane,
The fourth began to fa',
When our gude Queen to the Frenchman said,
"It's time I was awa!"

"O, bonny are the fields o' France,
And saftly draps the rain;
But my bairnies are in Windsor Tower,
And greeting a' their lane.

"Now ye maun come to me, Sir King,
As I have come to ye;
And a benison upon your heid
For a' your courtesie!"

Now he has ta'en her lily white hand
And put it to his lip,
And he has ta'en her to the strand
And left her in her ship.

"Will ye come back, sweet burd," he cried,
"Will ye come kindly here,
When the lift is blue, and the laverocks sing,
In the spring-time o' the year?"

"It's I would blithely come, my Lord,
To see ye in the spring;
It's I would blithely venture back,
But for ae little thing.

"It isna that the winds are rude,
Or that the waters rise,
But I lo'e the roasted beef at hame,
And no thae puddock-pies!"

Loud and hysterical laughter from behind
the companion hailed the conclusion of this
essay upon the ancient ballad. We had
been overheard. Lord Aberdeen rushed for-
ward.

"Good heavens!" I heard him exclaim.
"It is her Majesty!"

* * * * *

A RETIRING MINISTER.

M. VON LINDENAU, having retired on a pension of
some three thousand rix-dollars, after forty-five
years' service, has announced his intention to com-
mission an annual historical picture, by a Saxon
artist, at the price of seven hundred rix-dollars, to
remain the property of the public; to give three
hundred dollars to enable a distinguished pupil of
the Technical Institution to travel and prefect him-
self in engineering; and thirteen hundred dollars to
evangelical clergymen and schoolmasters. Here is
an example to worn-out politicians and statesmen!

THE PRINCE OF HAYTI.

PRINCE CHRISTOPHE, the brother of the late King
of Hayti, came to the justice-room at the Mansion
House, London, in November, accompanied by
Mr. Hobler, jun., and two gentlemen, for the pur-
pose of applying to the Lord Mayor for his inter-
position in the adverse circumstances by which he
was embarrassed. The Prince, it would seem from
a statement published in the *Times*, has been the
victim of a series of misfortunes, commencing with
the revolution which proved fatal to his dynasty,
and increasing in severity until, in the last extren-
ity of distress, he was compelled to make the pre-
sent application to the Lord Mayor to rescue his
wife and child from positive starvation.

From the Athenaeum.

Puritan Discipline Tracts. Reprinted from the Black Letter Edition. Petheram.

THE tract before us is the first of a proposed series of republications of the furious controversial pamphlets which appeared at the close of the sixteenth century, in the beginning of that intemperate war between the Dissenters and the Church, which terminated in the temporary overthrow of both throne and altar. The tract is one of the many thunder-bolts of the notorious Martin Mar-Prelate, the theological Captain Rock of his times, and is entitled "An Epistle to the Terrible Priests of the Convocation House." It does not exceed in length a shilling pamphlet of Ridgway's, a brevity the more to be commended, when it is considered that it was launched in reply to a quarto of fifteen hundred pages, namely "Dr. John Bridges' Defence of the Government of the Church of England for Ecclesiastical matters, against a treatise of Ecclesiastical Government, &c." Neale, in his History of the Puritans, observes of this tract, that it contains "a great many sad truths, but delivered in rude and unbecoming language, and with an angry spirit." In his introduction the editor thinks it prudent to—

"Disclaim any personal or politico-religious feelings in bringing once more before the world these curious productions of by-gone times. Personality and scurrility were used freely by the Martinists and their opponents; and however much it is to be wished that they had written with a gravity and decorum more suited to the object they had in view, I could only give that which I found, faithfully and unreservedly, and this I have done."

Such an apology was hardly called for, so indispensable is an acquaintance with the polemical literature of the age in question, to a perfect understanding of its character and history. Independently of this, the interest of these works as literary curiosities is considerable; no museum of literature can be complete without them; and moreover, in the light of materials towards the construction of an art of scolding or science of termagancy, equally applicable to political conflicts and religious squabbles, they hold a very high place indeed. There is a fine fish-wife strain of rhetoric in the very title-page of the first number of the series. "Oh read ouer D. Iohn Bridges, for it is a worthy worke;" then this Bridges is described as "Presbyter, Priest or elder, doctor of *Diuillitie*, and

Deane of Sarum;" and the epistle is stated to have been "compiled for the behoofe and overthrow of the Parsons, Fyckers, and Currats, that have lernt their Catechismes, and are past grace!" Before Martin has advanced six pages he waxes so hot, that he denounces the prelates as "pettie Antichrists, pettie popes, intollerable withstanders of reformation, enemies of the gospell, and most couetous wretched priests." But he is full of tender mercies for the Bishop of London:—"I will spare Iohn of London for this time, for it may be he is at boules, and it is pitie to trouble my good brother, lest he should sweare too bad." Martin delighted vastly in alliteration; hence in the next paragraph the heads of the Church are complimented with the following string of epithets—"proud, popish, presumptuous, profane, paultrie, pestilent and pernicious." He does not long refrain from Iohn of London, who is successively named "Don Iohn of London," "Dumb Iohn of London," "The Lord Dumb Iohn," our "Worshipful *Paltripolitane*," with twenty other variations of the same air; and in the same vein, the Primate is addressed as "His Gracelesnesse of Cant!" But John of London is charged with stealing thirty pounds' worth of cloth, and the facts of the larceny are stated circumstantially, the accuser mentioning the names of the persons alleged to have been robbed by the holy Bishop, and adding—"they dwell at the Old Swan in Thames Street; I warrant you Martin will be found no liar, he bringeth in nothing without testimonie." He then follows up this strange indictment by an anecdote of Mistris Lawson the Shrew, who could not well have been more shrewish than Martin himself, whether Dumb John of London stole the broad-cloth or not:—

"It was not therefore for nothing (Iohn of London I perceiue) that Mistris Lawson the shrew at Pauls gate, and enemye to all dumb dogs and tyrannicall Prelates in the land: bad you throw downe your selfe at hir Maiesties feet, acknowledging your selfe to be vnsauory salt, and to craue pardon of her highnes, because you had so long deceiued her and her people: You might well ynough craue pardon for your theft, for Martin wil stand to it, that the detayning of the mens cloth is plain theft."

Here is a fine piece of oratory after the manner of Xantippe:—

"Well nowe to mine eloquence, for I can doe it I tell you. Who made the porter of his gate a dumb minister? Dumbe Iohn of

London. Who abuseth her Maiesties subjects, in vrging them to subscribe contrary to lawe? Iohn of London. Who abuseth the high commission, as much as any? Iohn London, (and D. Stanop to). Who bound an Essex minister, in 200.l. to weare the surplice on Easter day last? Iohn London. Who hath out downe the Elmes at Fulham? Iohn London. Who is a carnall defender of the breache of the Sabbath in all the places of his abode? Iohn London. Who forbiddeth men to humble themselues in fasting and prayer before the Lorde, and and then can say vnto the preachers, now you were best to tell the people, that we forbidd fastes? Iohn London. Who goes to bowles vpon the Sabbath? Dumbe dunsticall Iohn of good London, hath done all this."

A squabble between the same unlucky prelate and a certain Mr. Madox is related at length, and affords a good illustration of the manners and wit of the times. We quote the conclusion of this facetious affray:—

"At the hearing of this speeche, the waspe got my brother by the nose, which mad him in his rage to affirme, that he woulde be L. of Fulham as long as he liued, in despight of all England. Naye softe there, quoth M. Madox, except her Maiestie I pray you, that is my meaning, ka dumb Iohn, and tell thee Madox, that thou art but a Iacke to vse me so; master Madoxe replying, sayd that in deed his name was Iohn, and if euery Iohn were a Iacke, he was content to be a Iacke (there he hit my L. ouer the thumbs). The B. growing in choller, sayd y^t master Madox his name did shewe what he was, for sayth he thy name is mad Oxe, which declareth thee to be an vnruely and mad beast. M. Madox answered againe, that the B. name, if it were descanted vpon, did most significantly shew his qualities. For said he, you are called Elmar, but you may be better called marelme, for you haue marred all the Elmes in Fulham: hauing cut them all downe. This farre is my worthy story, as worthy to bee printed as Deane Iohns booke, I am sure."

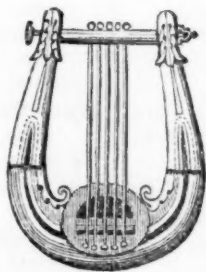
There is small reason to think that the Church party at the period in question were much more temperate in speech than their assailants, notwithstanding they had keener weapons of controversy than the tongue, which was the Puritan's only tool. Martin records a scene in the Court of High Commission, in which the Church proved herself a fair match for the Conventicle in the gifts of Billingsgate:—

"The case thus stooode, Iohn Penrie the welshman (I thinke his grace and my brother London, would be better acquain[ted] with him and they could tell howe) about the beginning of Lent, 1587, offered a supplication and a booke to the Parliament, entreating that some order might be taken, for calling his countrie vnto the knowledge of God. For his bolde attempt, he was called before his grace with others of the high commission, as Thomas of Winchester, Iohn London, &c. After that his grace had eased his stomacke in calling him boy, knaue, varlet, slanderer, libeller, lewde boy, lewd slaunderer, &c., (this is true, for I haue seene the notes of their conference) at the length a poynt of his booke began to be examined, where nonresidents are thought intollerable. * * This point being a long time canuassed, at the length his worship of Winchester rose vp, and mildly after his manner, brast forth into these words. I assure you my Lords, it is an execrable heresie: An heresie (quoth Iohn Penry) I thanke God that euer I knewe that heresie: It is such an heresie, that I will by the grace of God, sooner leaue my life then I will leaue it. What sir, (quoth the Archbishop.) I tell thee it is an heresie, and thou shalt recant it as an heresie? Naye (quoth Penrie) neuer so long as I liue godwilling."

The John Penrie of this scene is supposed to have been Martin Mar-Prelate himself. He was called "the hot Welchman," and suffered martyrdom in the Puritan cause in 1593, a year of vigorous operations against heterodoxy. In the beginning of that year, Queen Elizabeth summoned a parliament and opened it with a speech in which, amongst other things, she enjoined the Speaker, Sir Edward Coke, "if he perceived any idle heads so negligent of their own safety as to attempt reforming the Church, or innovating in the Commonwealth, that he should refuse the bills exhibited for that purpose, till they were examined by such as were fitter to consider of these things and could better judge of them." This high tone only inflamed the Puritan spirit the more. A daring position was taken up by some members of parliament of that persuasion, and a series of violent enactments were accordingly proposed by the Government and acquiesced in by the Commons. The bishops were particularly furious, and determined to hunt down the Puritan pamphleteers. Their lordships were not so far advanced in political science as the great philosopher of their age, from whom they might have learned that "the punish-

ment of wits enhances their authority, and a forbidden writing is thought to be a certain spark of truth that flies up in the face of those who seek to tread it out." However, under one of the intolerant laws referred to, Penry, or Ap Henry, was pounced upon by his mitred enemies, and assassinated by the hands of a sheriff, with scarcely the bloody forms of the law. That his conviction was illegal seems to be beyond a question, for he was indicted under an act to punish the utterance of seditious words and rumours, and found guilty upon the evidence of private unpublished papers, found in his possession when he was arrested. Neale records this barbarous proceeding as follows: "It never was known before this time, that a minister and scholar was condemned to death for private papers found in his study; but Penry must die, right or wrong. The Archbishop was the first man that signed the warrant for his execution. The warrant was sent immediately to the Sheriff, who the very same day erected a gallows at St. Thomas Waterings; and, while the prisoner was at dinner, sent

his officers to bid him make ready, for he must die that afternoon. Accordingly he was carried in a cart to the place of execution. When he came hither, the Sheriff would not suffer him to speak to the people, nor make any profession of his faith towards God, or his loyalty to the Queen, but ordered him to be turned off in a hurry about five o'clock in the evening." If Penry was Martin Mar-Prelate, the bishops had ample vengeance for the foul language with which they were assailed in his tracts; but it was not the foul language of the Puritans, we may be sure, that most incensed the hierarchy of that day. Mixed with the coarsest vituperation will be found in the pamphlet before us some passages of the most earnest and vehement remonstrance. To argue, however, with the Church was not so much the writer's object as to inflame the people. Pamphleteering was the agitation of the day; and, powerfully aided as it was by the more inflammatory effects of persecution, it did its work to admiration.



FRIAR TUCK'S CHAUNT.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Oh! brave Robin Hood, thou king of the wood,
And ye his lieges bold,
Now listen, I pray, while I troll ye a lay
In the depths of this forest-hold.
A goodlier home than this sylvan dome
What monarch on earth could boast?
Or where doth the beam of the bright sun gleam
On a stouter or a merrier host?

What savoury cheer is the outlaw's fare;—
The hind is his own by right,

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The pasty rich, and the hearty flitch,
The stoup of Canary bright!
No pantler's hoard hath a daintier board
Than the feast we daily see,
And none, I trow, have a lighter brow
Than the men of the greenwood tree!

No friar, I ween, hath yet been seen
Who shrive with a heartier zest;
Some sins give way to my potent sway,
And others—we drink to rest!
No candle and bell we need to tell,
If spirits of ill lurk here; •
For the darkest foe we have yet to know
Is the moodiest one—Old Care!

THE SKY-LARK.

BY JAMES HEDDERWICK, JUN.

WHITHER away, proud bird? is not thy home
On earth's low breast?
And when thou'rt wearied, whither shalt thou come
To be at rest?
Whither away? the earth with summer bloom
Is newly dressed!

From the soft herbage thou hast brushed in showers
The glistening dew,
And upward sprung to greet the blue-eyed hours
Seen peeping through!
Has earth no spell to bind? have wilding flowers
No power to woo?

Haply thou'st gazed through the long gloom of night
On some fair star,
Yet dreaded to pursue a darkling flight
Untried—afar,
And now ascend'st to track by morning's light
Her silver car!

Haply to thee alone 'tis given to hear,
In echoes dim,
The strains sublimely chanted in the ear
Of seraphim!
Till, filled with holy rapture, thou draw'st near
To join their hymn!

Or, knowing whence sweet inspiration's given,
This morn, as wont,
Perchance with eager pinion thou hast striven
On high to mount,
That thou might'st drink the sacred stream from
heaven,
Fresh at its fount!

Rapt flutterer! I partake thy high delight,
Thy holy thrill;
Upward and upward in thy tuneful flight
Thou soar'st at will!
Perched on the highest point of heavenward sight,
I see thee still!

Oh marvellous! that thou, a thing so small,
The air should'st flood
With sound so affluent and musical!
Most tiny cloud
In the blue sky, raining o'er earth's green ball
Music aloud!

What ear such sweet enchanting melody
Could ever cloy?
The pulsing air, high-heaved with ecstasy,
Thy wings up-buoy!
Methinks the morning has commissioned thee
To speak its joy!

Night, rich in jewels as an Ethiop's queen,
On spray and stem,
On every little flower and leaflet green,
Has left a gem,

And gentlest airs tell sweetly they have been
A-wooing them!
Glad nature seems the freshness to partake
Of Eden's birth,
And every sound that hails the morning's break
Has tones of mirth,
While thou, to sing the glorious day awake,
Soar'st high o'er earth.

God of the morning! with adoring eyes
To thee we bow!
Thou mad'st the lark a preacher in the skies—
I hear it now!
The air is filled with blended harmonies—
Their author Thou!

BIRDS.

BY ELIZA COOK.

BIRDS! birds! ye are beautiful things,
With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-cleav-
ing wings.
Where shall Man wander, and where shall he dwell,
Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well?
Ye have nests on the mountain all rugged and
stark,
Ye have nests in the forest all tangled and dark;
Ye build and ye brood 'neath the cottagers' eaves,
And ye sleep on the sod 'mid the bonnie green
leaves;
Ye hide in the heather, ye lurk in the brake,
Ye dive in the sweet flags that shadow the lake;
Ye skim where the stream parts the orchard-deck'd
land,
Ye dance where the foam sweeps the desolate
strand;
Beautiful birds, ye come thickly around,
When the bud's on the branch and the snow's on
the ground;
Ye come when the richest of roses flush out,
And ye come when the yellow leaf eddies about.

Gray-haired pilgrim, thou hast been
Round the chequered world I ween;
Thou hast lived in happy lands,
Where the thriving city stands;
Thou hast travell'd far to see
Where the city used to be;
Chance and change are everywhere,
Riches here and ruins there;
Pilgrim, thou hast gazed on all,
On rising pile and fading wall.
Tell us, saw ye not, brave birds,
In the crumbled halls of old,
Where monarch's smile and rulers' words
Breathed above the chalice gold?
Say who is it now that waits
At the "hundred brazen gates?"
Who is now the great High Priest,
Bending o'er the carrion feast?
Who is now the reigning one,
O'er the dust of Babylon?

It is the owl with doleful scream,
Waking the jackal from his dream;
It is the Raven black and sleek,
With shining claw and sharpened beak;
It is the Vulture sitting high
In mockery of thrones gone by.

Pilgrim, say, what dost thou meet
In busy mart and crowded street?
There the smoke-brown Sparrow sits,
There the dingy Martin flits,
There the tribe from dove-house coop,
Take their joyous morning swoop;
There the treasured singing pet,
In his narrow cage is set,
Welcoming the beams that come
Upon his gilded prison-home.

Wearied pilgrim, thou hast march'd
O'er the desert dry and parch'd,
Where no little flower is seen,
No dew-drop cold, no oasis green,
What saw'st thou there? the Ostrich fast
As Arab steed or northern blast,
And the stately Pelican
Wondering at intrusive man.

Pilgrim, say, who was it show'd
A ready pathway to the Alp?
Who was it crossed your lonely road,
From the valley to the scalp?
Tired and timid friends had failed,
Resting in the hut below,
But your bold heart still was hailed
By the Eagle and the Crow.
Pilgrim, when you sought the clime
Of the myrtle, palm, and lime,
Where the diamond loves to hide,
Jostling rubies by its side,
Say, were not the brightest gleams
Breaking on your dazzled eye.
From the thousand glancing beams
Poured in feathered blazonry?
Pilgrim, hast thou seen the spot,
Where the winged forms come not?

Mariner! mariner! thou may'st go
Far as the strongest wind can blow,
But much thou'lt tell when thou comest back
Of the sea running high and the sky growing black,
Of the mast that went with a rending crash,
Of the lee-shore seen by the lightning's flash,
And never shall thou forget to speak
Of the white Gull's cry and the Petrel's shriek.
For out on the ocean, leagues away,
Madly skimmeth the boding flock,
The storm-fire burns, but what care they?
'Tis the season of joy and the time for play,
When the thunder-peal and the breaker's spray
Are bursting and boiling around the rock.

Lovers linger in the vale
While the twilight gathers round,
With a fear lest mortal ear
Should listen to the whisper'd sound.
They would have no peering eye
While they tell the secret tale,

Not a spy may venture nigh,
Save the gentle Nightingale.
Swinging on the nearest bough
He may witness every vow,
Perch'd upon the tree close by,
He may note each trembling sigh;
Favoured bird, oh thou hast heard
Many a soft and mystic word,
While the night breeze scarcely stirr'd,
And the stars were in the sky.

Up in the morning, while the dew
Is splashing in crystals o'er him,
The ploughman hies to the upland rise,
But the lark is there before him.
He sings while the team is yoked to the share,
He sings when the mist is going,
He sings when the noon-tide south is fair,
He sings when the west is glowing.
Now his pinions are spread o'er the peasant's head,
Now he drops in the furrow behind him,
Oh the Lark is a merry and constant mate,
Without favour or fear to bind him.

Beautiful birds! how the schoolboy remembers
The warblers that chorused his holiday tune,
The Robin that chirp'd in the frosty Decembers,
The Blackbird that whistled through flower-
crowned June,—
That school boy remembers his holiday ramble,
When he pull'd every blossom of palm he could
see,
When his finger was raised as he stopped in the
bramble
With "Hark! there's the Cuckoo, how close he
must be."

Beautiful birds! we've encircled thy names
With the fairest of fruits and the fiercest of flames.
We paint War with his Eagle and Peace with her
Dove,
With the red bolt of Death and the olive of Love;
The fountain of Friendship is never complete
Till ye coo o'er its waters, so sparkling and sweet;
And where is the hand that would dare to divide
Even Wisdom's grave self from the Owl by her
side?

Beautiful creatures of freedom and light,
Oh where is the eye that groweth not bright
As it watches you trimming your soft, glossy coats,
Swelling your bosoms and ruffling your throats.
Oh! I would not ask as the old ditties sing,
To be "happy as sand-boy" or "happy as king,"
For the joy is more blissful that bids me declare,
"I'm as happy as all the wild birds in the air."
I will tell them to find me a grave when I die
Where no marble will shut out the glorious sky;
Let them give me a tomb
Where the daisy will bloom,
Where the moon will shine down and the leveret
pass by;
But be sure there's a tree stretching out high and
wide,
Where the Linnet, the Thrush, and the Wood-lark
may hide,
For the truest and purest of requiems heard
Is the eloquent hymn of the beautiful Bird.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OPERA.

I've known a god on clouds of gauze
With patience hear a people's prayer,
And, bending to the pit's applause,
Wait while the priest repeats the air.

I've seen a black-wigg'd Jove hurl down
A thunderbolt along a wire,
To burn some distant canvas town,
Which—how vexatious!—won't catch fire.

I've known a tyrant doom a maid
(With trills and *roulades* many a score)
To instant death. She, sore afraid,
Sings; and the audience cries encore.

I've seen two warriors in a rage
Draw glist'ning swords, and—awful sight!—
Meet face to face upon the stage
To sing a song, but not to fight!

I've heard a king exclaim "To arms!"
Some twenty times, yet still remain;
I've known his army 'midst alarms,
Help by a bass their monarch's strain.

I've known a hero wounded sore
With well-tuned voice his foes defy;
And warbling stoutly on the floor,
With the last flourish fall and die.

I've seen a mermaid dress'd in blue;
I've seen a Cupid burn a wing;
I've known a Neptune lose a shoe;
I've heard a guilty spectre sing.

I've seen, spectators of a dance,
Two Brahmins, Mahomet, the Cid,
Four Pagan kings, four knights of France,
Jove and the Muses—scene Madrid.

MY PHILOSOPHY.

Bright things can never die,
E'en though they fade—
Beauty and minstrelsy
Deathless were made.
What though the summer day
Passes at eve away,
Doth not the moon's soft ray
Silence the night?—
"Bright things can never die,"
Saith my philosophy,—
Phœbus, though he pass by,
Leaves us his light.

Kind words can never die—
Spoken in jest,
God knows how deep they lie
Stored in the breast;
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Aye—in all years and climes,
Distant and near.

"Kind words can never die,"
Saith my philosophy—
Deep in the soul they lie,
God knows how dear.

Childhood can never die,
Wrecks of the past
Float on our memory,
E'en to the last.

Many a happy thing—
Many a daisied Spring,
Flown on Time's ceaseless wing

Far, far away.
"Childhood can never die,"
Saith my philosophy—
Wrecks of our infancy
Live on for aye.

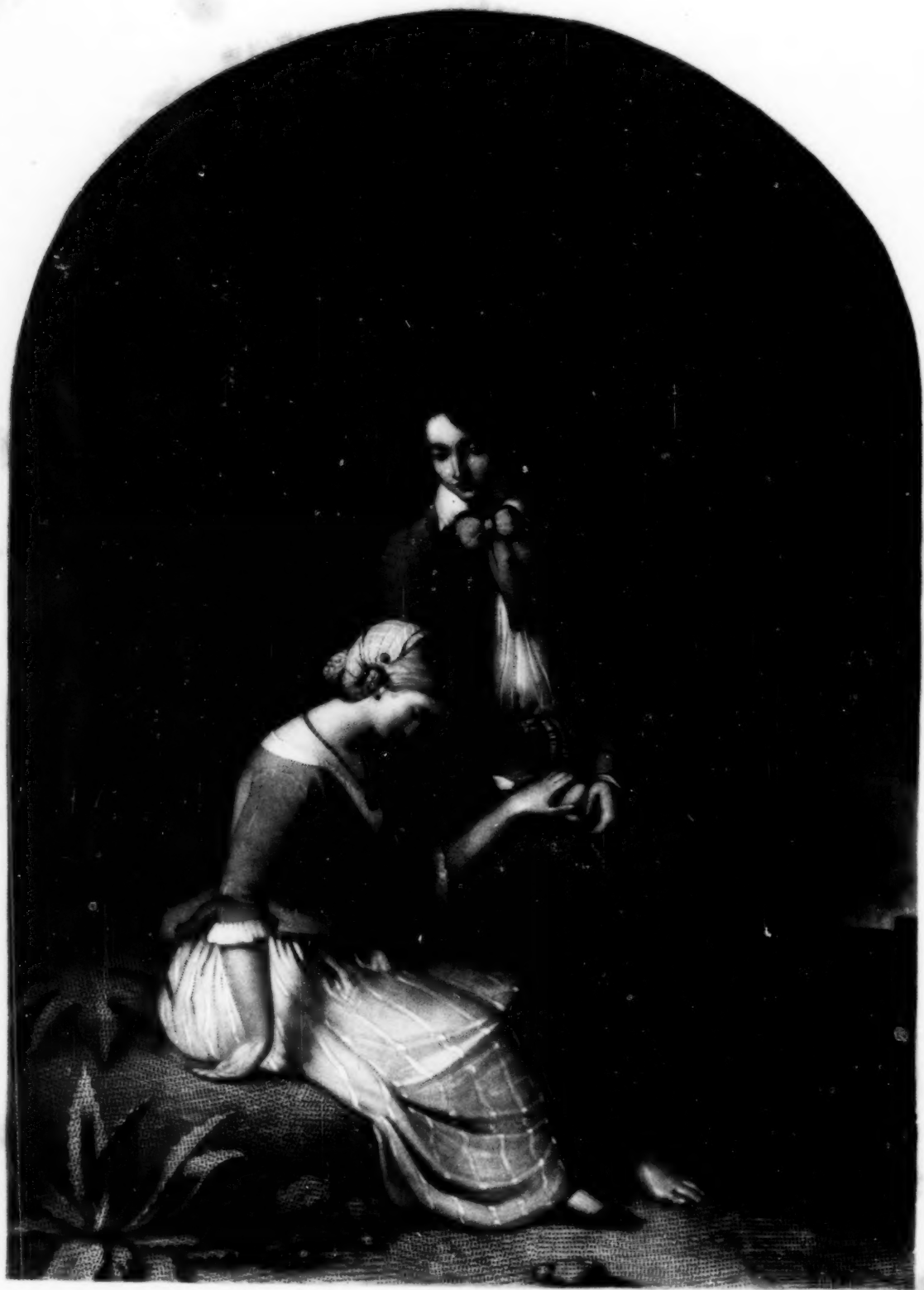
Sweet fancies never die—
They leave behind
Some fairy legacy
Stored in the mind—
Some happy thought or dream,
Pure as day's earliest beam
Kissing the gentle stream,
In the lone glade.
Yet though these things pass by,
Saith my philosophy—
"Bright things can never die,
E'en though they fade."

EARLY FRIENDS DEPARTED.

Ah! why should I recall them—the gay, the joyous
years,
Ere hope was crossed or pleasure dimmed by sor-
row and by tears?
Or why should memory love to trace youth's glad
and sunlit way,
When those who made its charms so sweet are
gathered to decay?
The summer's sun shall come again to brighten
hill and bower—
The teeming earth its fragrance bring beneath the
balmy shower;
But all in vain will mem'ry strive, in vain we shed
our tears—
They're gone away and can't return—the friends
of boyhood's years!

Ah! why then wake my sorrow, and bid me now
count o'er
The vanished friends so dearly prized—the days to
come no more—
The happy days of infancy, when no guile our bo-
soms knew,
Nor recked we of the pleasures that with each hour
flew!
'Tis all in vain to weep for them—the past a dream
appears;
And where are they—the loved, the young, the
friends of boyhood's years?

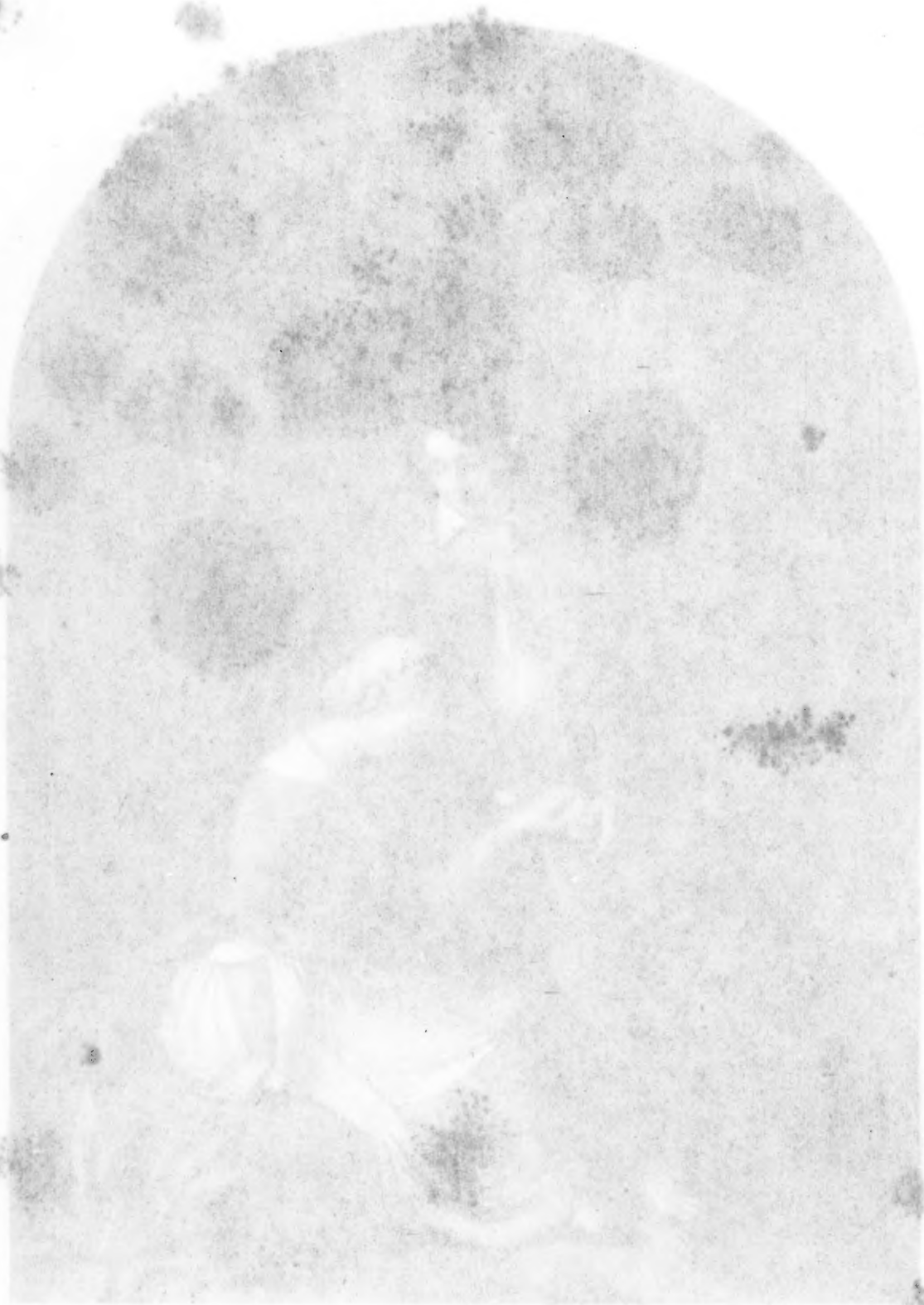
Go seek them in the cold church-yard—they long
have stolen to rest;
But do not weep, for their young cheeks by woe
were ne'er oppressed:
Life's sun for them in splendour set—no cloud came
o'er the ray
That lit them from this gloomy world upon their
joyous way.
No tears about their graves be shed—but sweetest
flow'rs be flung—
The fittest off'ring thou canst make to hearts that
perish young—
To hearts this world has never torn with racking
hopes and fears;
For blessed are they who pass away in boyhood's
happy years!



Painted by Schopin.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

Engraved for CAMPBELL'S FOREIGN SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE by J. Sartorius.





ART AND SCIENCE.

ILLUSTRATION.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

Painted by Schopin.—Engraved by John Sartain.

"It was one of those delicious nights, which are so common between the tropics, and the beauty of which no pencil can trace. The moon appeared in the firmament, curtained in clouds, which her beams gradually dispelled. The stars sparkled in the heavens, and their trembling and lucid orbs were reflected upon the bosom of the ocean. Virginia's eyes wandered over its vast and gloomy horizon, distinguishable from the bay of the island by the red fires in the fishing boats. She perceived in the harbour a light and a shadow; these were the watch-light and the body of the vessel in which she was to embark for Europe, and which, ready to set sail, lay at anchor, waiting for the wind. Madame de la Tour, Margaret, and myself, were seated at a little distance beneath the plantain trees, and amidst the stillness of the night we distinctly heard their conversation, which I have not forgotten.

"Paul said to her, 'you are going, they tell me, in three days. You do not fear then to encounter the dangers of the sea, at which you are so much terrified.' 'I must fulfil my duty,' answered Virginia, 'by obeying my parents.' 'You leave us,' resumed Paul, 'for a distant relation whom you have never seen.' 'Alas!' cried Virginia, 'I would have remained my whole life here, but my mother would not have it so: my confessor told me that it was the will of God that I should go, and that life was a trial.'"

ENGLAND.

STANHOPE'S ROOFING COMPOSITION.—A description of the composition invented by Lord Stanhope, and used by the late Mr. Nash, for covering the nearly flat fire-proof roofs of Buckingham Palace, was read before a recent meeting of the Institution

of Civil Engineers, by W. P. Hogg. The mixture is described as being composed of Stockholm tar, dried chalk in powder, and sifted sand, in the proportion of three gallons of tar to two bushels of chalk and one bushel of sand, the whole being well boiled and mixed together in an iron pot. It is laid on in a fluid state, in two separate coats, each about three-eighths of an inch in thickness, squared slates being imbedded in the upper coat, allowing the mixture to flush up between the joints the whole thickness of the two coats, and the slates being about an inch. The object in imbedding the slates in the composition, is to prevent its becoming softened by the heat of the sun, and sliding down to the lower part of the roof, an inclination being given of only one inch and a half in ten feet, which is sufficient to carry off the water, when the work is carefully executed. One gutter, or water course, is made as near to the centre as possible, in order to prevent any tendency to shrink from the walls, and also that the repairs, when required, may be the more readily effected. It is stated, that after a fall of snow, it is not necessary to throw it from the roof, but merely to open a channel along the water-course, and that no overflowing has ever occurred; whereas with metal roofs it is necessary to throw off the whole of the snow on the first indication of a thaw. These roofs have been found to prevent the spreading of fires; and it is stated that on one occasion, to test their inflammability, Mr. Nash had a bonfire of tar barrels lighted on the roof of Cowes Castle. Another advantage is stated to be the facility of repair which the composition offers, as, if a leak occurs, it can be sealed and rendered perfectly water-tight by passing a hot iron over it; and when taken up, the mixture can be re-melted and used again. The author proposes to obviate the disadvantage of the present weight of these roofs by building single brick walls at given distances, to carry slates, upon which the composition should be laid, instead of filling the spandrels

of the arches with solid materials, as has been hitherto the custom. The durability of the material, Mr. Hogg contends, has been fully proved at Lord Palmerston's house, which was covered with the composition in 1807; Lord Berwick's, in 1810; Sir James Langham's, in 1812; the Pavilion at Brighton, in 1816 and 1823; and nearly the whole of Buckingham Palace, in 1826 and 1829; the latter roofs are stated to be in perfect order at the present time, and have scarcely demanded any repairs since their completion.

THE BOCCIUS LIGHT.—At the London Society of Arts, in June last, Dr. Atkin read an interesting paper descriptive of this new light—so named from the inventor, Mr. Boccus. The lecture-room was illuminated by the new light, one burner being in the centre, sixteen feet from the floor, which diffused a mellow light into every corner of the apartment. Dr. Atkin entered into a very full historical notice of the investigations into the theories of artificial lighting which have taken place during the last thirty years, from the first discovery of the Bude light by Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney, in 1814, up to the present time; he gave a very lucid explanation of the *rationale* of the combustion of the various hydro-carbons, as applied to artificial illumination, and explained the extraordinary powers of a stream of oxygen and hydrogen, when mixed in the proportions to form water, commonly known as the hydro-oxygen blow-pipe, and which, when ignited, though only a dull light is produced, gives out the most intense heat, before which every known substance in nature melts (charcoal excepted,) and the diamond is consumed, producing, with the oxygen, carbonic acid. He described the immense advantages peculiar to the Boccus light, which are, the greatest possible amount of light, with the least possible consumption of gas; a perfect combustion of the carburetted hydrogen, and, consequently, no deposit of soot over the apartment; complete ventilation; and last, though not least, a saving of from twenty-five to sixty or seventy per cent., according to the size of the burner, as, the larger it is, the greater the saving effected. As a proof of the correctness of these calculations, the reports of Professor Brande and Dr. Atkin were read; these gentlemen having tested the qualities of the Boccus burner by the nicest experiments. From the tests employed, they had arrived at the conclusion, that the Boccus light was superior to any that had been yet introduced, taking into account the illuminating power, the pure state of the atmosphere in apartments where they were used, and the extraordinary saving in the gas consumed.

At Aldborough, Suffolk, from a quarter past nine o'clock to a quarter to ten, on the day the Queen reached Ostend, people heard the roar of heavy firing from the opposite coast. The distance from shore to shore is eighty-eight miles. The firing during the siege of Antwerp was very distinctly heard there.

FRANCE.

THE PRINCESS MARIE.—A statue in bronze of Joan of Arc, after the marble at Versailles, by the Princess Marie, has been erected at Domremy, the birthplace of the heroine.

The decorations of the Chapel for the Blind, to be executed by M. Schman, will amount in cost to 30,000 francs (£1200 sterling,) according to a decision of the Minister of the Interior.

ANTIQUÉ SCULPTURES.—The ship Expedition has lately arrived at Havre from the coast of Asia Minor laden with Greek remains. Among these treasures is a sarcophagus of singular beauty, and the frieze almost entire, of the Temple of Diana at Magnesia, which is said to have been more beautiful than that at Ephesus, from which it is distant four hours' journey. The temple was destroyed in the first century by an earthquake; one side fell upon hard ground, by which the marble was broken; but the other three sides were projected outwards into a swamp, whereby the sculptures have been preserved uninjured, and whence they have now been recovered despite many difficulties.

The Emperor of Russia has conferred on Horace Vernet, the celebrated French painter, the order of St. Anne of the second class, with the star enriched with diamonds.

GERMANY.

BERLIN.—Another museum—being the third, is about to be formed here, and the famous Racinsky collection is about to be arranged in a gallery especially provided for it. In order to attach Cornelius to Berlin, the King has assigned him a property in a new quarter of the city. In one of the new squares a monument to Peace is being erected; it is to be a column of twenty feet in height, surmounted by a bronze statue of Victory, by Rauch, much in the style of the works executed by him for the Walhalla at Munich.

FRANKFORT.—Launitz is occupied on a monument which is to be erected in the Rinmarkt, in memory of the invention of printing. We know not what relations exist between the city of Frankfort and the discovery of typography, but it is commonly understood that Strasburg and Mayence were the places of residence of Guttenberg when busied with his wooden types.

The last oil picture of Philip Veit is a repetition of his fresco, "Germania," so well known from the engraving. This work is destined for Brunswick and differs from the fresco, inasmuch as to the sublime beauty of the original is added a charm of colour and power of expression which places it among the most beautiful of modern works of Art. It is however to be lamented that this admirable production has been so injured in its transport as to render restoration necessary. Veit has also painted two pictures for the Hall of the Emperors: these are Otho I. and Henry VII., presented by the Kings of Prussia and of the Netherlands.

The new exchange by Stülen is nearly completed. It is an imposing edifice, very solidly built of freestone of two colours, reddish and grey of a greenish tone. It is to be regretted that this fine building has been erected on a site so surrounded by other buildings, which negative that effect which such a building would have produced had it been otherwise situated. Of the statues by which it is to be ornamented, two are already placed at the entrance,

these are "Prudence and Hope"—others, representing Commerce, and the great divisions of the Earth, will be placed on high pilasters, and occupy positions in the façade.

The colossal statue of Charlemagne, left unfinished by Wendelstadt, is completed, and will soon be raised to its destined site on the bridge over the Main.

THE MONUMENT OF GOETHE.—A place is appointed for this memorial in the square near the theatre, as an experiment with respect to diminishing the circulation of vehicles in that quarter; but whether the situation is the most eligible is another question. Goethe himself would find but little gratification in the contemplation of the surrounding buildings and houses, and would rather have sought the walks of the west end of the city, where also the most agreeable sight would have been found for his statue.

MUNICH.—Professor Schnorr has been occupied ten years in the frescoes in the apartments leading to the throne-room of the Palace. These halls are three in number, each devoted to the life of one of the celebrities of German history: Charlemagne, Frederick Barbarossa, and Rudolph of Hapsburg. The Hall of Charlemagne is the last in course of execution: the narrative lies in a series of twelve pictures, the subjects of which are "Charlemagne at the age of eleven years, receiving the homage of the spiritual and temporal ranks;" "Refusing the proposition of the King of the Lombards;" "His first battle with the Saxons;" "Drives the Lombards out of Germany;" "Entrance into Rome;" "Capture of Saragossa," &c., &c. The execution of these works has been singularly rapid: the artist being of course assisted by his pupils.

VIENNA.—It is evident from every exhibition that Austria is behind the other European powers in the formation of a school of painting, notwithstanding the encouragement of the Government and the number of native artists. We see here little but landscape, genre, and portrait. Some, however, of the Austrian painters have made reputations which have spread throughout Germany, as Schœdeberger, Steinfeld, and Sattler. Many artists have devoted themselves to animal painting, the chief of whom is, perhaps, Ranftal, surnamed "the Raffaele of the dogs."

BEETHOVEN.—The drawings for the monument of Beethoven by the sculptor Hahnel have been exhibited. The pedestal of the statue will be ornamented with four medallions, in which will be represented by allegorical figures, sacred, lyric, dramatic, and instrumental music.

ITALY.

BOLOGNA.—It has been determined to erect a monument to Rossini in the Philharmonic Lyceum of this city. It will represent the genius of music crowning the bust of the great composer. The artist is the Professor Baruzzi, of the School of the Fine Arts.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SCULPTURES.—There have lately been despatched hence to France many large pieces of ancient and modern sculpture. Besides

ancient bas-reliefs and columns of precious marble, which have been discovered at a great expense, there is also one of the most beautiful productions of Canova, "Mars and Venus," a group which the biographers of Canova have regarded as his *chef-d'œuvre*.

FLORENCE.—By the society who have charged themselves with the erection of monuments in memory of great men, two new statues have been added to those already placed in the Palace of the Uffizi—these are statues of Boccaccio and Orgagna. The latter stands opposite the Loggia, looking upwards as if contemplating his work. If the proposed number of these statues be completed, there will be twenty-eight—those of Dante, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Lorenzo the Magnificent, are already placed.

GALILEO.—By command of the Grand Duke an apartment has been formed in the Palace of the University, to be called the Tribune of Galileo, in which is placed the statue of the great astronomer. The eyes of the figure are directed upwards, and the mouth is partially open, as if about to announce the truths he discovered. The statue is accompanied by four busts—those of his friend the Benedictine Castelli, and of his pupils Cavalieri, Toricelli, and Viviani.

GIOTTO AND DANTE.—The recently discovered fresco, by Giotto (according to Vasari), is in the chapel of the Palace of the Podesta, which, having been turned into a state prison, the work was not only forgotten, but even covered with whitewash, from which, thanks to the exertions of our countryman, Mr. Kirkup, it has been cleansed. This is the composition in which has been discovered a portrait of Dante in his youth, and of which a facsimile has already been exhibited at Berlin, before passing into the hands of Fischer for a lithograph.

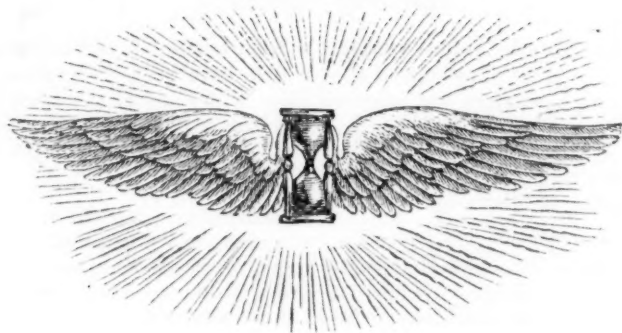
VENICE.—The monument of Titian, intended for the Church de' Frari, is in progress under the direction of the sculptor Zandomeneghi. It will stand opposite that of Canova.

CARRARA.—The increasing demand for statuary marble is a matter of surprise to all conversant with this market. It is probable, however, that the sales at this place will suffer some diminution from the opening of other quarries, especially those of Montignosa, which yield a stone of singular purity and brilliancy. The prices are, perhaps, now lower in England than they have ever been—bearing no comparison with those paid by Chantry and other sculptors during the war. We would gladly, however, see even a further reduction, since so much stone turns out worthless even after the carving is far advanced.

RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The Emperor has conferred on the architect, Von Kleuze, the honours of the Order St. Stanislaus, first class, as a mark of approbation of his design for the construction of the museum in the Winter Palace. The celebrated French painter Horace Vernet, has also received the insignia of the Order of St. Anne, second class.

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OBITUARY.

Lieutenant General Sir ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, Bart, G. C. B., K. T. S., & c., Colonel of the 62d regiment of foot, on October 6th, at Edinburgh. This gallant and distinguished officer commenced his services in the 77th regiment in India, serving with it in the campaigns under Sir R. Abercromby and the Marquis Cornwallis, and likewise at the reduction of the Dutch garrison of Cochin and its dependencies on the coast of Malabar and in the Island of Ceylon, &c. He was likewise present at the capture of Seringapatam and the actions previous to the siege, having been promoted by purchase to a company in the 67th, and immediately exchanged to the 88th, with a view of continuing to serve in India; he was, however, compelled from ill health, in 1801, to return to Europe. He then served as Major of Brigade in the southern district, and, in 1804, was promoted to a majority in the 6th Battalion of Reserve, which being reduced the following year, he was appointed to full pay in the 71st Regiment, and embarked with it for Portugal. In 1808 he served at the battles of Roleia and Vimiera, and in Spain under Sir John Moore at the battle of Corunna, &c. In February, 1809, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and appointed to serve under Marshal Beresford in the organization of the Portuguese army. He was then promoted to the rank of Colonel, and in 1811 to that of Brigadier-General and the command of a brigade, with which he served during the whole of the war in the Peninsula and the south of France, and was present at the battles of Busaco, Albuera, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Nivelle, and the Nive, the sieges of Badajos, &c. In 1813 he received the honour of Knight Commander of the Tower and Sword by the Prince Regent of Portugal, and, in 1814, the honour of Knighthood by his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and was appointed one of his Aides-de-Camp, and promoted to the rank of Major General in the Portuguese service, and, in 1815, he was nominated Knight Commander of the Bath. During the various services in which he was employed he was frequently honoured by the thanks of the Duke of Wellington, and particularly mentioned in his despatches after the actions of Pampeluna and Bayonne.

Being appointed to the 68th Regiment in 1821, Sir Archibald Campbell again returned to India, and in 1824 the disputes with the Burmese empire having determined the Government of India to send

a force against it, Sir Archibald was appointed to this important and difficult command. The nature of the country, thick jungle and marshy, and the natives robust, active, and brave, made the carrying on warlike operations extremely difficult as compared with previous wars against the native powers in India. All the luxuries which had hitherto accompanied Indian armies had to be abandoned, and officers and men were to be reduced to the same state of equipment as had been the custom with the army in Spain. This through the example of their leader they cheerfully submitted to, though in a climate where the dews of the night reduced the thermometer to fifty-three, whilst during the day it rose in the shade to above ninety. The nature of the country rendered it necessary to employ a large force of Europeans, as the Sepoy was found unfit for such warfare. Sir Archibald Campbell had ten European regiments under his command, but of course the climate and the privations soon rendered them far from complete. With this force he advanced into the country, and after three great actions with the Burmese, amounting to about seventy thousand men, intrenched in their stockades, and retiring on their resources, so that their losses were immediately replaced, after two years' warfare he forced his way to within thirty miles of the capital, Amerapoor, and seven hundred miles from Rangoon, when the Burmese again sued for peace, but no longer stipulating terms, leaving them entirely to the British commander's will. A few days more and the capital would have fallen.

Thus Sir Archibald Campbell brought the war to a most brilliant termination, an exploit which must ever rank his amongst the highest names to be recorded in the annals of our Indian empire. Such services, indeed, led to a general expectation in the army that he would have been raised to the peerage, as other generals, with perhaps less claims, have been before and since. The thanks of both houses of Parliament were voted to him and the army under his command, and the highest military honour was conferred on him, viz.—the Grand Cross of the Bath, and after his return home he was created a baronet. The long and arduous services of this gallant officer terminated by his being honoured with the lieutenant-government and command of the troops in New Brunswick, where his duties were discharged in very trying times to the entire satisfaction of the government.

